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A RAMBLE INTO IRELAND.

HAVING had occasion lately to visit the south of Ireland, I was on the watch in the early part of November for the approach of what is generally called St. Martin's summer; that is, a fortnight or so of fine weather, which, when it does really come, is peculiarly delicious. It has all the softness of spring during the early part of the day. The sun gives out a genial warmth; the robin sings his most cheerful song; the monthly rose, hitherto neglected, compensates, as far as it can, for the decay all round it; the elms, the oaks, the beeches, are all bare, but the ivy is in flower, and the evergreens look greener than they did in October. The day is indeed short. Towards three o'clock mists ascend from the earth, and at four we are reminded of the rapid advent of winter. Nevertheless, the Martinmas interval of mildness helps us on pleasantly towards the end of the year, when Christmas and its gay festivities and countless pleasant associations rise up on our horizon, gilding the dark December days with a lustre which we would not exchange even for the skies of June.

This said Martinmas summer was long in coming, for somehow or other the seasons of the olden times seem to have taken their leave of us altogether. I suppose we used them ill, and that in a fit of resentment they have betaken themselves for a while to Saturn, or some other planet. However, the morning of the eleventh of November last having shone out with peculiar brightness, and the murky clouds that had been pouring deluges for nearly a fortnight before having completely cleared away, I thought the (little) summer was nigh, and so having packed up my portmanteau, off I set by the mail train at 20 minutes to nine o'clock P.M., fell asleep, and never awoke until I found myself, about half-past two the following morning, at Birmingham; spent half an hour in a magnificent refreshment room, where were assembled a hundred guests and more, gathered from the carriages of the train, feasting sumptuously, and in the greatest possible order and comfort, on tea, coffee, cold fowl, ham, tongue, beef, negus, and brandy-and-water. A bell soon summoned us to the train again—again Morpheus claimed me for "his own" until the corner of my eyelid opening, the pupil was dazzled by the rays of the morning star, which, like the herald of a mighty sovereign, was hastening on before him to proclaim his approach. I could sleep no more. I kept watching that beautiful light glowing with more than the moon's lustre through the misty sky, until at length it paled as the clouds reddened in its path behind.

I never before felt more in a mood to enjoy the novel comforts of railway travelling. There were we, six men, seated in easy-chairs, without in the least degree inconveniencing each other, placed in a neatly-fitted-out warm chamber, sleeping quietly, or looking out upon a country constantly changing its aspect, or admiring the aurora of the fine autumnal morning, moving onward at the rate of 20 miles an hour, drawn by a combination of fire, water, and machinery—the offspring of man's inventive faculty. No animal was distressed to accelerate our speed. We travelled at infinitely less peril than we should have done had we been in a stage-coach; for notwithstanding all that we hear of railway accidents, the accidents which occurred on the ordinary roads by the old modes of locomotion, either on horseback or in carriage, far outnumbered in the course of a year those to which the iron routes are liable. How often used we to hear of horses running away before the coach was regularly started, in consequence of the reins having been, through negligence, left to their discretion!—how often of

coaches overturned, or driven into floods, or into drifts of snow, or blown over by tempests, or axles broken, or collisions with other vehicles! What colds and headaches and miseries of all sorts did we not suffer from, in consequence of four and frequently six passengers, being wedged together in a box fitted more for the conveyance of monkeys than of human beings!

Add to these very pleasant mementos of days, happily now "no more," the delight of frequent stoppages and delays at public-houses on the road, the tipsiness of the driver, the impertinence when you did not give him double the gratuity to which a bad custom entitled him, the opening of the door three or four times in the course of the cold rainy night, and the agreeable salutation—"Pray, sir, remember the coachman—remember the guard!" And then think of the porters, and the exchanging of coaches, and the bad dinners and worse suppers, and still more horrid breakfasts; the *fragrant* eggs, the dreadful butter, the dirty water called coffee, the poison denominated tea, the sky-blue milk, the broiled leather yeclpt beefsteak—all to be swallowed in ten minutes! Oh, Heaven be praised! Oh! WATT, lightly may the turf lie on thy grave! Fortunate, indeed, is it for us of these days to be enabled to say—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* Many, many more of such changes, say I.

The sun was just below the edge of the horizon, when we quitted our snug night-chamber, thus transferred from London to Liverpool in ten hours; and at a quarter before seven I found myself on board "The Merlin" steamer of 800 tons, and 320-horse power, conversing with the Captain, who was looking at the sun rising amidst a galaxy of gold and purple clouds. "We have at all events a splendid morning," I exclaimed. "Yes," he replied, "a beautiful morning, but at this time of the year these fine mornings seldom fulfil the promise they give of a fine day. I have often seen such mornings followed by very rough weather. Do not be surprised if you find it blow fresh when we get out to sea." I neither expected nor liked this announcement, although I am a pretty good sailor, and so I went about to look at the vessel.

The "Merlin" is one of the new packet-boats (or rather packet-ships) built for the service of the station between Liverpool and Dublin. It is fitted out less with a view to splendour than to strength and accommodation. It is furnished in a chaste and excellent style; the berths are arranged in the usual way—cleanly as possible; counterpanes and sheets snow-white and well-aired, the mattresses very good and ample enough for any man not a cyclops. The saloon is not spacious; it is however sufficiently so and no more. There are two recesses at the entrance occupied by side-boards, and panelled by mirrors in richly gilt frames, which show off the plated coffee-pots, tea-pots, waiters, and other articles necessary for the service of the cabin. The steam-engines are of the best description. The mode in which they are arranged, the elegant architectural style in which they are built, the apparently unconquerable strength with which the cylinders, pistons, cranks, axles, levers, and boilers are constructed; the mirror-like brightness which reigns over the whole mass of instruments, moving like so many limbs of a living creature; the glowing furnaces, the mighty strokes which follow each other with all the precision of the second-hand of a clock, the swarthy faces of the firemen, the steady vigilant intellectual look of the engineer who presides over all, would make one easily believe that this chamber was the cave of a magician, actually employed in working his daily course of miracles.

The deck was as spotless as that of a ship of war, which is saying enough; the stern-wheel, with its polished brass rim, the shining brass case of the compasses, the masts, with their furniture of ropes and chain ladders, and reefed and spread canvas, the numbers of the well-practised crew, the watchful pilot, well skilled in the locality of the sand-banks and sunken rocks, which, especially in the winter nights, often prove so disastrous to the foreign, and even to our own, shipping, the steady pace of our gallant frigate, for such it might be called, at eleven knots an hour, were well calculated to make me soon forget the apprehensions thrown out by the captain. Let the winds blow as they may, thought I, let the waves roll as they list, we have a "power within" that will beat them all.

The captain, however, turned out no true prophet. There were neither winds nor seas of any importance. The day was clear, and the channel was calm as a lake. We had an excellent dinner in the cabin at two o'clock, and at half-past seven I sat down to tea with my friends in Dublin; thus, including all stoppages, and changes of conveyance, accomplishing within twenty-three hours a journey, which, not long since, had often cost me three days! And all this with no more fatigue than if I had been lounging on a sofa in my own drawing-room the whole time!

My hotel was "The Hibernian," in Dawson-street, it being near the offices of the coaches which ply to the south of Ireland, whither I was destined. I met here a specimen of a *rara avis*—a John Bull, parsimonious in his style of living. He was not at all inattentive to the "inner man." On the contrary—he was remarkably attached to that particular person, and extremely well pleased, whenever he could do it cheaply, to furnish him with all the "creature comforts" he could obtain. There was an ordinary usually at five o'clock, when soups, fish, and hot joints, were circulated in the coffee-room, furnishing really at a moderate rate an excellent dinner. Our friend, imagining that this would be too expensive for him, kept out of the way uniformly at five o'clock, and did not make his appearance until seven; when in a hurried way, as it were to make light of the matter, he called for a pint bottle of "Guinness," (a delightful beverage "Guinness" is, by the way,) a little cold beef or mutton, or anything they had—a potato or two. The waiter, of course, was all promptness—plenty of cold remnants, cut to the bone—cold or half-boiled potatoes, pickles, soiled table-cloth, and all the paraphernalia of dinner. As much as he could discover of the beef or ham, or whatever it was, having been transferred to "John's" interior world, a "morsel" of cheese (*i. e.* at least a quarter of a pound) followed, and the whole having been washed down with a warm glass of whiskey and water, our friend seated himself before the fire, newspaper in hand, congratulating himself on his "doing the waiter," by making him suppose that it was but a slight supper instead of a dinner. You may imagine "John's" long face, and inexpressible surprise, when at the end of a week he was presented with a long bill, in which "dinner" was duly noted every day, together with its appendages, and opposite thereunto prices which more than equalled the amount he would have paid for a good dinner, had he attended at the "ordinary" hour. They have a ludicrous phrase in Ireland—"The d-I's cure to him"—which I am almost tempted to use on this occasion. I certainly could not help laughing outright, when he told me his story. He appeared in no manner whatever to feel with Hudibras that—

"It is a pleasure quite as great
To be cheated as to cheat."

I had occasion to remain a day in Dublin—a city which never fails to oppress me with melancholy feelings. We have here, as it is called, the second city in the empire—the metropolis of a kingdom, most densely peopled—the chief point of passenger intercourse between the sister islands—and yet it presents at every step you take through its streets every symptom of commercial decay. As compared with London, or even with Manchester or Edinburgh, it seems almost deserted. With the exception of Grafton-street, there is hardly any place in the whole city where you meet during any part of the day with what might be called a

crowd. And even there, it is not a crowd of merchants hastening here and there about their business, but of shopping ladies and their requies, lounging students of Trinity College, military officers, attorneys, (of which the number and the *hunger* in Ireland are truly inordinate,) and well-dressed dandies (Heaven help their tailors!) from all parts of Ireland.

This crowd being dispersed by evening, Dublin then does look the picture of desolation. Being near the Wicklow and other mountains, and also not far from an immense flat over which the tide spreads and leaves unwholesome marshes, there is generally a mist pendent in its atmosphere which adds much to the general gloom. The suburbs, which are near at hand in every direction, are squalid in the extreme. Broken windows, tumbling walls, roofs in fragments, doors unpainted and ruinous, wretched-looking faces glaring through the window-frames, make one think perpetually of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." And of all deserted villages in the world, those of Spain perhaps excepted, an Irish specimen is the most lamentable exhibition of misery in its lowest stage.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to meet with a good dwelling-house in Dublin which is not occupied. The reason is, that the proprietors of land who cannot, or think they cannot, safely reside in the country, flock to the metropolis for protection. Many live there for the sake of society, which in the country cannot be had on any terms, and several families fix there also for the education of their children. The professional men, especially lawyers, who with us generally transact their business in chambers, in Dublin have houses, the system of chambers being unknown there. Compared with the number of dwelling-houses, that of shops in the Irish metropolis is very limited—yet more than sufficient if we may judge from the few customers that are to be seen in them.

I was glad to be off—so having engaged my seat for Thurles, in a stage-coach that was to start at half-past six the following morning, I gave orders to be called at half-past five. Luckily, I possess the power of calling myself. If I wish to wake at any particular hour, I am pretty generally sure to emerge from the most profound sleep at the moment I fix upon. This I have found by no means a power peculiar to myself. I have heard many persons say that they can do the same thing. It is one of the numerous instances which I have witnessed of the vigilance and activity of the spirit, at moments when the animal in which it is enclosed seems wholly engrossed in repose.

My caller came after six: had I not been already up and dressed, I should have lost my seat, as the Irish coachmen are by no means punctual in their hours. If they are prepared, away they go half an hour or a quarter before their time, or after it, just as the whim takes them. The office clocks and the coachman's watch seldom agree. One is with the General Post-office time—another is with country time—or no time at all. As it was, while I was engaged writing a short note at the office counter, my man set off; though he knew he was to take me, and had my portmanteau in his boot, and actually saw me writing, away he went full a quarter before his time helter-skelter. In vain I ran shouting after him. It was raining a deluge. By good fortune, I lighted on a cab—got in—desired the driver to gallop with might and main, which he certainly did, for there is nothing a Dublin jingle-man likes better than a dashing run through the streets. With all his efforts I should, nevertheless, have been distanced if the coach had not been checked in its career by the uphill work it had to do near the Royal Exchange, where there is not only a great steep, much worse than Holborn-hill, but a short turn, which to vehicles descending is especially dangerous.

"Holloa, my friend," I exclaimed, "what the deuce impelled you to set out at this rate—and why did you not warn me of your intention?" "Why, then, sure I thought your honour was inside." "Inside!—you see I am outside—why did you not call me?" "Call your honour is it—why, then, didn't I call—'tis I that did—didn't I, Tim?" Tim—"Sure enough, you did—I *hard* you with my own ears."

The cat was now out of the bag. The coach was full inside. The morning was so wet, a passenger who had intended to travel outside took possession of my seat. He was either a friend of the driver, or had bribed him. I had some difficulty in getting him ejected. This is no uncommon occurrence. The fact of previous contract is nothing in Ireland. Possession is the main point. Rows are often the consequence. The printed receipt you get for your fare advises you of this in plain terms:—"There having been many disputes about *sales*, the proprietor will not be answerable for the engaged places, unless the passengers be at the office at *laste* ten minutes before the coach *laves* the office!" These words I transcribe from an Irish receipt now before me.

I insisted upon my right, however, and the culprit having surrendered, off we galloped through the "Liberties," as the suburbs here are called, at a race-horse pace; the rain still pouring down, and the wind blowing a gale. No November summer for me! thought I. However, I congratulated myself that I was not at sea; and drawing my travelling-cap over my eyes, I endeavoured to recover the balance of sleep which was due to me.

About ten o'clock we stopped at a place called Moorfields, to breakfast. We drove into the avenue of a pretty country-house, which had no appearance of a hotel about it. I rather think it is a private residence belonging to the coach-proprietor. We entered a handsome well-furnished parlour, where we beheld a large table, well filled with all the usual implements for the matin meal. There was an excellent stove in the room, but no fire; though, on such a morning, a fire would have been particularly agreeable. There was an abundance of *fresh* bread—excellent bread—but no stale bread, no toast. Some twenty eggs were already on the table; but the coach, in consequence of the heaviness of the roads, being ten minutes after its time, and the eggs having been boiled at the time the coach ought to have been there, they were of course all cold. I asked for a cup of coffee; it was immediately poured out for me, but it was scarcely even tepid. The tea was also excellent, but cold as the morning itself. A beef-steak was brought in, which looked well, and was really good; but it was brought in on a cold dish, without gravy, and served on cold plates. I gave back my coffee to the waiter, who appeared in the morning jacket of a private gentleman's servant, and requested that he would get it warmed for me. He brought it back to me boiling, and before I could cool it the coachman shouted that our time (twenty-five minutes) was expired. We could not have been in the room fifteen minutes; but he was on the box, reins and whip in hand, and so away we were obliged to go, without anything like a breakfast, for which we had to pay 2s. or 18d.—I forget which.

Now, here were all the elements of the most complete comfort utterly spoiled, merely by want of system. It would have cost little to have afforded the passengers a good fire; nothing to have had the eggs, tea, and coffee, served hot; nothing to have had the beef-steak brought in on a warm covered dish, with plenty of gravy around it; nothing to have prepared toast, or at least bread a day old, for it is not everybody who can digest hot rolls, and for anybody they are unwholesome. Neither could any human being have suffered the slightest damage, if we had been allowed to remain our full time at the breakfast table. It is this want of method, which makes everything in the way of domestic arrangement in Ireland look to foreigners to such great disadvantage.

The door of the parlour where we were at breakfast none of us could prevail on the waiter to keep shut. It was near the front door, which was also perpetually open. The cold wind, that was blowing strongly the whole morning, rushed constantly into our apartment; and yet no entreaty could prevail to secure us even the comfort of shutting out the blast. It is very strange, but perfectly true, that the Irish in general, of every degree, seem to consider that a door is intended not to be shut, but always to be open—and this, too, in all weathers! I had once an Irish female servant, who looked quite astonished, one summer morning, when I desired her to close the door after her, on coming in or going out of the dining-room. "Dear me, sir!" she exclaimed, "I never knew a *door* to be shut this time of the year!"

By the way, let me not forget the breakfast I had once at Mrs. McCormack's, on a former occasion, when I travelled the same road. We were a large party of inside and outside passengers, and well prepared were we for a good meal. Better beef-steaks I never ate: they were hot, well cooked, served with abundance of gravy, and fresh dishes of them were coming in every five minutes.

There was no coffee, however, and the tea was detestable. This was, in fact, Mrs. Mac's weak point: her tea she knew to be abominable, and so she made up for it in the beef-steak. I asked Kitty, the pretty waiting-maid, to give me a cup of hot milk. She promised to procure it for me *immediately*, and went out, as I thought, for the purpose. She, however, came in again, and again came in and again went out, but no milk appeared: so I proceeded to head-quarters myself.

"Mrs. McCormack," said I, "would you do me the favour to give me a cup of hot milk?" She made no answer, but went on broiling her face and her beef-steaks over the blazing embers of a turf-fire; for she was her own cook—and a capital one into the bargain. I repeated my question, adding, that my physician had ordered me to take milk every morning, instead of tea; which was the fact. Mrs. Mac. never altered her position; her face became redder every moment; I saw the storm rising. "I shall be very glad," I subjoined, "to pay extra for the cup of milk, if you will give it me."

"Now, sir," she said, in a tone more gentle than I had at all expected, "you had better take yourself away. Don't put me in a passion;" (Kitty held a dish in her hand, and trembled all the time;) "I haven't time to *scould* (scold) you. You know very well it isn't the milk you want, but you come here to insult my *lay*!" Such was the fury thrown into the last word, that I am certain, if I had remained a moment longer, the gridiron, beef-steaks, and all, would have been upon my head. I sounded a retreat instantaneously, and did as well as I could with a little milk and hot water.

Everybody has heard of the beggar-nuisances in Ireland. However you travel—in post-chaise, private carriage, on horseback, in stage-coach, cab, or jingle, you are sure of being mobbed by them wherever you stop, in almost every town. You always see the same faces, the same number of them, and hear the same tale of woe. "Nothing to eat, your honour, this cold morning—my poor children starving, your honour, and I haven't a *harpeny* (half-penny) to get them a bit of bread. God Almighty bless your honour, and send you safe home. Ah, then, may your honour be nearer to heaven!" addressing a passenger on the top of the coach; "throw us a sixpence to divide amongst us, your honour, and may you have a very long life!" These are but a few of the entreaties with which you are saluted in the same tone of voice, which soon becomes so painful from its monotony, that to get rid of it you comply at last, and send them away to share the sixpence. But before you can get off, you have plenty of complaints of unfair dealing in the distribution; the woman with a child at the breast always demanding a double share as her right.

I am always amused by one woman—a well-built, red-faced, harum-scarum sort of being—who appears at Athy with a great club in her hand, which she brandishes about her without much caring whom she strikes. You may see at once that she has just been visiting the whiskey-shop. "Get away, ye low paupers," she cries out, as she enters the scene of action; "*lave* the *finlemen* alone. Plase your honour, throw me a *shillin*—*nothin* less would do me any good. The shillin, your honour," she repeats, capering about, and whirling her shillela with an independent air. "But you would spend it in whiskey, if I gave it to you." "Upon my honour, and that I will, just to drink your honour's health. Get away, ye low paupers! What do ye know about the lion and the unicorn there," pointing to the royal arms on the mail-coach door, "fighting for the crown? Now, then, your honour, where's the shillin you promised me for keepin these beggars away?" I know it to be wrong, and yet I cannot help giving this sturdy-looking woman—not indeed her full demand, but a sixpence by way of compromise.

There is one other mendicant upon this road, who is generally sure to rob me of the same amount. He goes by the name of Jack, and so long as I have known him (some four or five years), he has always made his appearance in the same old red coat—if, indeed, the same that can be called, which, though it looked respectable enough when he originally bought it second-hand, for three shillings and sixpence, as he states, is now composed of shreds and patches of every colour and quality, bits of cloth, fragments of old shirts and petticoats, darts of worsted, and cords to keep the fugitive pieces together. He mounts the coach, usually between Athy and Maryborough—a privilege which he has long enjoyed,—and climbs around to both the windows, tells over the same old stories to the passengers, of his having served in the army, and of having been engaged in many actions. I entertain some doubts as to this part of his tale; the more especially as he speaks of having fought at Waterloo, and of having been compel-

led, by the wants of a large family, to dispose of his medal. He carries with him, slung in a belt, a broken old bugle, upon which he sounds most deplorable caricatures of "Patrick's Day," the "Meeting of the Waters," and "Rory O'More." The limits of his daily journey in the coach do not extend beyond a certain turnpike-gate. As soon as the gate is in view, his stories and his music are heard no more; he presses hard for his reward; his wife and his child are all his theme, and his good-humoured face and merry eloquence become so persuasive, that he seldom descends from his station without pocketing, or at least collecting,—for, I fear, a pocket he no longer has,—half-a-crown or three shillings. Everybody gives something, more or less, to Jack. On arriving at the gate, down he jumps, in performance of the condition upon which his invasion is permitted by the coachman, and away he scampers to the childer.

I should be sorry to hear that Jack was shut up in a workhouse. I doubt if the poor fellow could live long under any kind of confinement or restraint. He is no fool, nor indeed much of a knave: whatever there is of the latter about him is rather pleasant than otherwise. Speaking of the workhouse, I question much whether it will be very generally resorted to in Ireland. The new Poor-Law has met, and probably will meet, with no resistance from the lower classes in Ireland; but I question whether they will avail themselves of it, unless in seasons of famine, to any great extent. The Irish poor, down even to the most destitute, have a strong latent pride about them, which foreigners seldom discern or understand. It is not talked of; nobody would suspect its existence in the heart of a beggar who approaches you with a tone and address of the most extreme humiliation. But under that outward manner there are feelings that will render the Poor Law, I think, in many instances a dead letter—at least, for several years yet to come.

The heavy and continued rains by which the late autumn was characterised in Ireland so completely saturated the bogs, that the prospects of the poor for the winter, so far as firing was concerned, were miserable indeed. The bogs are usually in that country humid enough, but this year they looked, for the most part, thoroughly rotten. The corn-harvest was but indifferent in many places, but sanguine hopes were indulged that the potato-crop would turn out an ample one.

This root is, I regret to observe, becoming every year more deteriorated in Ireland. I well remember, that when a boy, many a time I went into the peasant's cabin, at their dinner-hour, and sat down with great glee to share with them their immense pile of potatoes, all laughing at you through their burst jackets, and when peeled by the hand, almost crumbling in it like a mass of flour, but nevertheless sufficiently tenacious to preserve their spherical form, until the operation of eating made deep gaps in it. If I could get a little salt butter, well; if not, salt itself gave a sufficient relish to the meal; and notwithstanding all the talk of the politico-economists, a good meal one might make from such materials. But I have seldom seen in latter years a good potato, except in some few houses of the higher classes. At the hotels they are usually bad, pasty, bluish, often black at the core, and utterly flavourless.

But for some dense mists which arose from the earth—the natural result of the recent inundations,—I should have caught good views of a celebrated mountain near Thurles, called the "Devil's Bit." It is so denominated from a narrow semicircular valley, which interrupts the ridge-line of the summit of the mountain. The legends say that his infernal highness, when upon his travels through this part of Ireland, took a fancy to some herbs on this eminence, on which he intended to make a luncheon; but that, having been somewhat voracious, he took in with the herbs a whole mouthful of the rock, which he could not swallow. Resuming his flight, some of the authorities allege that he deposited his burden near Cashel. It is upon this rock the well-known Pagan and Christian temples were erected, which are now the most interesting and the least weather or time-injured ruins in Ireland. The storms and the rains of ages have but blanched their roofs and walls, and proved their power to resist all the ordinary instruments of destruction. Other authorities teach that the ejected morsel is no other than the rock of Dunamace. It is gravely affirmed that several skilful men have accurately measured the vacancy in the mountain, and the isolated mass of stone in question; and the conclusion at which they arrived was this, that if the latter could be removed to the mountain, it would exactly fill up the hollow, and perfect the ridge. As I have never had an opportunity of following the labours of these old engineers, I must leave the matter as I find it, undetermined.

[To be continued.]

WOMAN IN INDIA,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A SUTTEE.

WERE we to draw an inference from the number of new books on India, we should conclude that our vast Indian possessions are beginning to assume something like a proportionate interest in the public mind. In No. 51 of THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, we made some extracts from Mrs. Postans' "Western India," and we have now before us two larger volumes, under the title of "Continental India*." The author observes, "Hindustan is better known to-day than the Hebrides were in the time of Johnson, or than the Shetland Isles were at the beginning of the present century; while the aggressions and acquisitions of our English nabobs in oriental countries, the subversion of Asiatic despotism, and the substitution of British rule among the nations of the East, are the records of our cabinet libraries, and form the *vade-mecums* of every inquirer after knowledge."

A chapter in Mr. Massie's work is entitled "Woman in India," from which we extract some passages, giving the author's opinions of the condition and character of the females of Hindostan, with a description of a "Suttee," at which he was present:—

"The influence of the wife and the mother upon society is so palpable and resistless in the most advanced stages of improvement, that the philanthropist will demand with anxious solicitude, after the recital of some scenes in these volumes, What is the character of woman in India? Let her history be developed to us; give us no exaggerated delineation, no distorted or extravagant caricature, no picture which may be regarded as an exception arising from peculiar circumstances.

"Treated as beings of an inferior order; kept back from the commonest means of information and mental improvement, enjoyed by their sisters in western countries; excluded from the diffusive influence of expanding principle, and taught to look upon the present as the only moment of gratification; they are occupied in domestic toils without any cheering and heart-exciting affections, while they are denied all participation at the social board. Thrown too upon the resources of animal nature merely for any portion of enjoyment, they are accustomed to regard themselves as only the instruments of slavery or passion. In addition to which, the very objects of their worship—to the *external* symbols of which, as the *profanum vulgus*, their intercourse is solely limited—are presented in the scenes of idolatrous festivity, as immersed in criminal indulgence. Would it be wondered that their character should be blindly selfish, and the motives of their conduct exclusively, and to the extreme, epicurean? The arrangement and the economy of the domestic circle cherish still more the luxuriant growth of these rank weeds in the feminine breast in India.

"The remains of the patriarchal state are perceptible in their internal management and government of social life, and to this the present condition of India may be ascribed. The patriarch's authority is even more jealously enforced now, and carried into the ramifications of the family, than in ancient society. It is here systematised and secured by the sanctions of religion, as well as by the custom of ages. Every house presents the remote, as also the most subordinate division of genealogical relationship. There seems, too, the closest intercourse between the affiliated branches, so that the father of the last or preceding generation exerts an authoritative influence, even more arbitrary than the power of an adviser. His sons, and their wives, their children also—and it may be, their destined brides too—live within the same inclosure, and often under the same roof; so that sometimes it assumes more the appearance of a clan than a single family. And hence, except among those whose habits have been changed, and whose origin or connexions have been interrupted, by the invasion or policy of foreigners, there is an internal policy paramount

* "Continental India. Travelling Sketches and Historical Recollections, illustrating the Antiquity, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, the Extent of British Conquests, and the Progress of Missionary Operations. By J. W. Massie, M.R.I.A. In Two Volumes. London, Ward & Co. 1840."

to all civic control; and blind custom and ascendant authority are more consulted and obeyed than the rights and wishes of each member of the circle. When the eldest parent in the line is removed, the rule and consequence are entailed upon his son, who then becomes the superior; and the widow of the deceased, if she survive, merges among the subordinate branches; and if she will brave the days of widowhood, her lot is hard indeed. Natural affection rarely succeeds to make any abatement of the dreadful penalty; hers is a cup of bitter sorrow, of unmixed woe, and her solitariness is unmitigated by any generous or hallowed associations. Every ten days must she submit her head, aged and bowed though it be, to be shaved; in her ablutions, and they must be daily, during uncongenial weather or sickness, the water must be poured upon her head, and not over her shoulder: every night her task is to watch the burning lamp, and supply it with oil till the morning, and sad would the morrow be, did she suffer it to be extinguished. This child of sorrow and bereavement is allowed to feed only on one meal each day; and never must she recline upon a bed,—the lowly and hard ground is the pallet on which her wearied frame reposes. The recreations and pleasures of general society are denied her, and the cloth which distinguishes widowed suffering, in which she must always appear, is deemed the constant, though silent accuser of her cold affections, her selfish and profane love of life.

"Woman, as a mother, while the husband lives, is seldom allowed in India to bear any rule in the family: children are without natural affection; so that the place assigned to females in Hindoo society is, to appearance, abject in the extreme. The institutes of Menu, whose inspiration is as unquestioned as his legislative supremacy is universal among them, do indeed direct that the female who is to be chosen for a wife should not be reproachable for reddish hair, or too much or too little of the proper shade, for a deformed limb or inflamed eyes, for being immoderately talkative, or for being troubled with habitual sickness; while her name must be neither that of a constellation, a tree, nor a river, of a barbarous nation, nor of a mountain, of a winged creature, a snake, nor a stone, nor of any image which occasions terror. Besides an agreeable name, she must possess a form which has no defect; she must walk gracefully—like a young elephant; her teeth must be moderate in number and in size, and her body of exquisite softness. But there are no rules for the virtues of the heart, the degree of knowledge, the habits of the mind, or the graces of benevolence; and little wonder! Could they gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? In childhood's years a female must be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; and, should she survive his decease, her dependence must be on her sons. The nature of this dependence may be imagined, when it is added, that at no period of life, in no condition of society, should a woman do anything according to her own mere pleasure.

"While political expediency has sanctioned the horrid rite, the persuasion of friends, the flatteries of parents, the delusions in which the female is trained, the miseries which they must anticipate, and the momentary paroxysm of bereavement, have not unfrequently driven the widow to the mad alternative, and warranted the poet's assertion:—

"The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires."

This is a species of heroism which has been displayed by many of the timid Hindoos in upper and in humbler life; as well the princess as the wife of the husbandman, might and did suffer this immolation. Nor are the friends or kindred permitted to appear otherwise than as participators of the sacrifice and the virtues of the offering; the eldest son kindles the wood, and the mother and the daughters attend the fatal scene.

"Muchta Bye, the daughter of a princess, had become a wife and a mother. Her son, an only child, in the fresh bloom of youth, was cut down like the flower of the morning; the parent stem drooped for twelve dark months, when he who was considered her companion in youth, and destined to be the prop of her de-

clining years, fell, too, before the blast, and was ready to be shaken into the dust; but the disconsolate mother and bereaved widow declared immediately her resolution to meet the withering destroyer upon her husband's funeral pile. Her mother was her sovereign, and though with affection, as the bursting forth of nature, she sought to dissuade the daughter from her fatal resolution, the influence of an erroneous, delusive, and pernicious religion, prevented the intervention of her authority as a queen over the misguided woman. It is said she humbled herself to the dust before her daughter, and entreated that she would not leave her desolate and alone upon the earth, but in vain; her reply was calm and resolved:—"You are old, mother, and a few years will terminate your pious life; my husband and my only child are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; and the opportunity of closing it with honour will then have passed." The unhappy mother, whose ignorant devotion forbade her to infringe what usage and priestcraft had sanctioned and rendered holy, now resolved to witness the last agonising scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great anguish of mind, she remained tolerably firm, till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of an immense multitude that stood around, she was observed gnawing in agony those hands she could not liberate from her upholders. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed."

A young woman, Hollee Letchema, sacrificed herself, along with the body of her husband. Mr. Massie was present at the scene, and thus describes it:—

"Her children, the potent and palpable bonds of her obligation to this life, were removed from her sight; narcotics, opium, bang, and other stupefying drugs, were abundantly administered; her body was perfumed, her hair saturated with oil, and her head covered with sandal-dust; garlands of flowers were presented as her ornaments; and now she was hailed a favourite of the gods, and invested with divine power. She was entreated to bestow her blessing and remember the wants of her friends; she was entrusted with consecrated gifts to bestow at her pleasure; no breath that might fan the flame remained to be invoked, and the hirkarra was employed to announce her pious resolution and the time of the sacrifice. It was within British jurisdiction, and the sanction of legal authority was obtained. All local business was suspended; crowds flocked from the whole vicinity. Men, women, and children, of all ages, congregated to the sacred spot, jesting, laughing, and congratulating the friends whom they met. The intelligence was sent to me with a solicitation from a friend that I would attend. I hastened to the scene; it was a singular display and mixture of religious solemnity, infatuated devotedness, cruel delusion, deliberate and authorised murder, and unhallowed and humiliating apathy. It was an hour and a half before sunset, five o'clock, when I reached the place of ungodly sacrifice.

"The husband was covered with clothes, folded about him in the manner in which the dead are usually carried to the place of cremation; emaciated and pale, there was no placidity in his features. Death is rarely an agreeable sight, but it renders the Hindoo exceedingly uninviting. The corpse was laid upon a bier made from unpeeled branches of trees, and without any ornament. It had been carried thither on the shoulders of men, and placed in a circle formed by the officiating priests, the victim, the near relatives and kindred, and such as were approaching to obtain the last benediction of Hollee: these last drew near in the attitude of supplication. She was attired in a salmon-coloured cloth—sacred garment,—and her skin was deeply tinged with saffron. Her years had been few—from five-and-twenty to thirty had she lived a daughter and a wife; but the few hours of her widowhood had preyed more upon her aspect and her frame than all her previous sorrows or cares. She was bent forward, as if labouring under an oppressive burden; or rather as if inward anxiety, sorrow, and anguish, had bowed her down; yet she seemed to smile—it was the smile of sorrow:—the cold moon's cheerless ray shed forth from a sky overspread with portentous clouds, and lighting upon the dismal tomb, is but a faint emblem of the workings of her mind on her pallid countenance—it was the expression of a heart which had conquered nature and burst the bonds of life itself—it was an apathetic expression I thought, of complacency

in herself, while it professed to regard those who approached her. A red line was drawn straight from the root of her hair to the ridge of her nose: it seemed to me the mark of suicide. She had bunches of flowers made up and ready to bestow; cloths, cocoanuts, pounded spices and seeds, and money lay beside her, which she distributed to the females who came soliciting her favours. She was attended by two principal brahmins; one of them held an ollah or cadjan book in his hand, from which he read sentences apparently for direction, or that he might suggest consolation to her in this trial; occasionally he would join his coadjutor for counsel, or to share in the rewards of the sacrifice. The fees of the brahmins at this ceremony usually amount to forty or fifty pounds. Sometimes I observed these priests quarrelling with each other, and exhibiting passions depicted in their countenances truly demoniac; the controversy regarded the money which should fall to the share of each: they were old men, their hair grey, and their features hardened and callous. I never contemplated man so far removed from the aspect of humanity. An extremely correct similitude of their appearance is given in the representation of a suttee in Ackerman's 'Hindostan.'

"Whilst the poor woman and the priests were thus engaged, she was indifferent to any attempted interference by some Europeans who sought to rescue her from destruction. The crowds of natives were all busied; few contemplative, many showed the greatest levity, while others employed themselves in preparing the pile. It was constructed of dried wood, in the shape of an oblong square; the faggots were heaped upon each other, so as to be most easily combustible, to the height of four feet from the base. A stout branch of a tree was fixed in the earth at each corner; suspended by these, another pile, as a canopy, was formed at about three feet elevation, and plentifully supplied with large billets of wood. The whole material of the pile was carried on the heads of many men, who actively ran backward and forward during the preparation; some straw, also, and cakes of cowdung were provided. The chief magistrate of the district, called the Fouzdar, was present with his peons, or constabulary force, armed. There were two European gentlemen, holding situations of trust, officially present. We could not secure the attention of the poor woman, but I made my appeal to the magistrate, to his authority, his influence, and his responsibility to God. He said he was there as the representative of the king, admitted his responsibility, but replied it was according to their religion. I urged him to offer her permission to retire if she would. He directed a brahmin (he himself was one) to ask if she were still inclined for it; she answered, she was. Hollee was conducted round the pile after the corpse had been placed upon it; a priest accompanied her the first time; she walked twice by herself, kneeled by the right side a few seconds, and mounted the pile to the left of the deceased. Deliberately she composed herself; her infant child was placed in her arms for an instant and embraced; she saluted her mother, and called her sister, to whom she delivered her jewels: then, having ungirded her loins and loosed her garments, she drew her cloth over her head, and laid herself down behind her husband with such calmness as if it had been for a few hours' repose. They covered her with straw, and poured oil and melted butter over all parts of the pile, the extremities of which were now lighted. The straw, fanned by the wind, was at first suffered only to roll the thick volume of its smoke over her; and, before any fire could have reached her, the heavy suspended billets were, by the swords of the peons, cut down, and fell upon her with their whole weight. O! it was a cruel apathy that could stand and witness such a monstrous perversion of human power and religious toleration!—the more I muse on it, my accusations become the more poignant. I stood by the pile while the gloomy tragedy was performed, and never can I banish the screams which pierced the ears of the spectators, while the blue and lurid flame rose from the bodies already consuming in the fire! It was a moment of terror, of deep crime, and dark delusion! Why the attendants were allowed to cut down the mass of faggots which hung over her, and felt with unbroken violence upon her devoted head, I cannot tell; and how the victim was not totally stupified by the load which crushed her, appeared next to a miracle: it had stunned her for a time, as it also checked the progress of the flame, whose violence raged around the exterior of the pile for five or six minutes before it reached the bodies. A brahmin stood at the head, seemingly ready to direct the acclamations of the people. The poor woman had hitherto remained silent, but when the flames had reached her, the misery of her restraint appeared in its utmost severity; when the scorching fury of the fire had begun to prey upon her, she could not move a limb or turn from her

cruel woe for a moment; she shrieked and screamed for help with piteous and heart-rending exclamations. The brahmin attempted to assure the people that she was now in communion with her god, and called them to rejoice, while her tones were those of the bitterest agony, while her forlorn mother, heart-broken and overwhelmed with grief, stood rolling herself, tearing her hair, and beating her breast, and leaping with frantic bursts of passion—an affecting spectacle of distracted woe and extreme wretchedness; she seemed unwilling to survive the hour of separation, and longed to throw her convulsive frame upon the funeral ashes, the altar of her daughter's sacrifice and destruction: the multitude joined in the exhibition of joy by clapping their hands, and repeating the song of triumph. The scene was closed by the fierceness of the flame, which drove the bystanders to a distance, and forced even the priests to retire, while the victim was still uttering the moan of helpless suffering. I waited at a distance, lingering to witness the last obsequies of the infatuated Hollee; they were offered in the blue flame and funeral smoke of her consuming remains, and in the receding murmurs of the dispersing multitude. It was an appalling exhibition of self-devotedness. The wretchedness of the desolate parent, the forlorn condition of the twice-bereaved children, and the apathy of thousands who could so unmovedly contemplate the transaction, may be imagined; but ah! who can describe the guilt of the perpetrators, the displeasure of a holy and merciful God; and the infatuation of nominally christian authorities who could prescribe for it rules, grant their permission to its performers, and superintend the accomplishment of such a criminal, violent, and bloody sacrifice? It was surely an hour of the power of darkness. I take shame and guilt to myself, and feel assured that if every observer of such delusion had protested against it on the spot, it would sooner have terminated, and the six hundred lives in British India annually immolated, might have been saved to the community, their friends, and their children, and preserved from the crime of suicide, and the horrors of a premature and excruciating death.

"Another well-authenticated and brutal instance of this sacrifice occurred about the same time in a more northern province of India:—The unfortunate brahminnee, of her own accord, had ascended the funeral pile of her husband's bones, but finding the torture of the fire more than she could bear, by a violent struggle, she threw herself from the flames, and tottering to a short distance, fell down. Some gentlemen, who were spectators, immediately plunged her into the river, which was close by, and thereby saved her from being much burned. She retained her senses completely, and complained of the badness of the pile, which, she said, consumed her so slowly that she could not bear it, but expressed her willingness again to try it, if they would improve it: they would not do so, and the poor creature shrank with dread from the flames, which were now burning most intensely, and refused to go on. When the inhuman relations saw this, they took her by the head and heels, and threw her into the fire, and held her there till they were driven away by the heat; they also took up large blocks of wood with which they struck her, in order to deprive her of her senses; but she again made her escape, and without any help, ran directly into the river. The people of her house followed her here, and tried to drown her by pressing her under the water, but a European gentleman rescued her from them, and she immediately ran into his arms and cried to him to save her. I arrived at the ground as they were bringing her the second time from the river, and I cannot describe to you the horror I felt on seeing the mangled condition she was in: almost every inch of skin on her body had been burned off: her legs and thighs, her arms and back were completely raw, her breasts were dreadfully torn, and the skin hanging from them in threads; the skin and nails of her fingers had peeled wholly off, and were hanging to the back of her hands. In fact I never saw and never read of so entire a picture of misery as this poor woman displayed. She seemed to dread being again taken to the fire, and called out to 'the Ocha Sahib' to save her. Her friends seemed no longer inclined to force, and one of her relations, at our instigation, sat down beside her, and gave her some clothes, and told her they would not. We had her sent to the hospital, where every medical assistance was immediately given her, but without hope of recovery. She lingered in the most excruciating pain for about twenty hours, and then died."

"This sacrifice, so abhorrent to Christian feeling, though prohibited first by Lord W. Bentinck, in the Bengal provinces, and then in the other British territories, is still offered in other parts of India. Six months ago, four wives and seven slave concubines of Runjeet Singh, perished in the flames of his funeral pile, at Lahore."

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

OUR readers are probably familiar with the old current story about the Welchman and his pedigree;—now he had a huge volume giving the names and doings of his progenitors not only up to Adam, but far beyond him: for about the middle of the book, after a long list of pre-Adamite Welchmen, there appeared a quiet little note, briefly intimating—"about this time the world was created." The Welchman may be put into the same class with the Highland innkeeper of the name of Grant, who teased a traveller about the antiquity of his name and lineage. The traveller, when his host's back was turned, opened the family Bible, and turning to the antediluvian history, made a very slight alteration with his pen; and then amazed the Highlandman by showing him that "there were Grants (giants) in the earth in those days."

But, seriously, when was the world created? How many of our years do we reckon back to the time when Adam was placed upon the earth? All intelligent readers are now quite satisfied that science has established the fact of the earth's existence—that is, of the materials of the earth—ages, and doubtless myriads of ages, before Adam was created; and all intelligent, serious readers of the Bible can see nothing in the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis contradictory to this *fact*. The outward crust of the earth was arranged and made habitable for MAN; and it is at this period that our chronology (time-reckoning) must commence. If we could ascertain how many annual revolutions of the earth have taken place since the FIRST MAN first breathed in our atmosphere and gazed on the sun, we would have a *fixed point* to reckon from more simple and satisfactory than any other fixed point in our chronology; and we would be enabled to attain to something like satisfactory settlements of important matters in the early history of our race.

But we do not know the age of the world with anything like certainty. The ancient Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, have all set up claims for an antiquity of many thousand years beyond our reckoning; while the ancients in general believed that the world was eternal, and therefore had no commencement. We, who receive the Bible as a divine revelation, have, or rather *ought* to have, a measure for reckoning the age of the world, in the recorded respective ages of the antediluvians; and then, having fixed the period of the Flood, we can descend "the stream of time," and know with certainty how many years have elapsed since HUMANITY was established on the earth. But it so happens that there is great confusion in these statements. The present Hebrew text and the ancient Septuagint versions differ greatly in the materials which they offer for this computation. The former may be taken (as in the dates adopted in our public version of the Bible) to give to the creation the date of 4004 B. C.; while the latter, according to the corrected date of Hales, varies that important epoch to 5411 B. C.—a difference of 1407 years! If the historian may justly claim this large increase to the years of the world, they are a great boon to him; for he needs them, and is cramped without them. The common, or shorter computation, allows far too little time for much that must have occurred in early history immediately after the Flood. We may smile at the claims put forward by the ancient Egyptian priests; still, there must have been some antiquity on which to ground their pretensions; and as we know that Egypt was very early a civilized country, the shorter computation, adopted in our Bibles, allows too little time between the Flood and the days of Abraham for producing the state of things which existed when "the father of the faithful" visited the land, which was afterwards to become to his descendants the "land of bondage."

In the last and preceding century, when the arguments in favour of the longer computation were less convincing than they have since been rendered, chiefly by Dr. Hales,—even then there were many historical and chronological writers who held the alternatives to be so nicely balanced, that they knew not well how to decide, and, in their state of doubt, believed it safest to adhere to

the received computation. If this they were doubtless right. But there were others whose judgment quite inclined to the longer computation, and who declared as much, while they shrank from the responsibility of introducing it to practical use. This responsibility is not very onerous now.

Either in the Hebrew or the Greek there has been a studied and regular alteration of the genealogies, for the purpose of either, in the first instance, bringing down, or, in the latter, of raising high, the date of the Creation. This is manifest, and needs no proof. This has been effected by either throwing back or bringing forward the age of the father in every generation at which the son is born. Thus, according to the Hebrew, Adam was 130 years of age when Seth was born; according to the Septuagint, his age was then 230 years.

Since, therefore, it is certain that either the Hebrew or the Greek copies have been corrupted, the question of the shorter or longer chronology resolves itself into another,—Whether it is in the Hebrew or the Greek copies that the corruption has taken place?

The opinion of those who adopt the longer chronology is, that the ancient translation of the Septuagint was made from the uncorrupted Hebrew text, the corruption in which was made some centuries after the date of that translation. This opinion is by no means new; for the whole weight of antiquity and of the earliest "fathers" of the Christian church are in favour of the longer computation of the Septuagint. Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, and Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea, who are entitled to the most attention, as having expressly applied themselves to the study, which the others only noticed casually or incidentally, knowingly and advisedly prefer the Septuagint account to the Hebrew, not only on the ground which we have stated, but as being the most reasonable, and most in unison with the requirements of all history, sacred and profane.

The further support which the longer computation has lately received, has been deduced from Josephus by Dr. Hales. With great acuteness, this accomplished scholar found out certain data in Josephus whereby the mistakes or corruptions of his editors and copyists might be rectified—or, rather, such as sufficed to evince that the computation which he followed agreed as nearly as possible with that of the Septuagint. This discovery was of the highest importance; it evinced that there was no difference in his time between the computations of the Hebrew and the Septuagint. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, was a priest, and well acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures; and if there had been any difference between the two versions in a matter which the Jews considered so serious as the genealogies, it is morally certain that the Hebrew version must have been the one which his nation in general, and the priests in particular, regarded as the true account. Josephus would have followed the Hebrew, doubtless, if there had been such a difference; and would, very probably, have intimated that such a difference did exist. It is also to be remembered that he had access to the purest and most sacred copies of the law which could be found. Besides, he more than once distinctly declares that his regular authority, in all points, was the Hebrew Scriptures, for which he constantly expresses the highest veneration. There are other good and substantial reasons for believing that there was no difference of computation in the time of Josephus—or, say, the time of CHRIST; and if this be so, then, of course, the use of the longer computation by Josephus, evinces that this was the computation in which they agreed.

We cannot follow the subject out in all the detail which would, perhaps, be necessary to the perfect conviction of those who have not previously considered the matter. We will, therefore, collect the *heads* of the arguments employed by Hales; referring such of our readers as remain unsatisfied, or desirous to pursue the subject, to the original work for the specific proofs and illustrations.

From the joint testimonies of Philo and Josephus we may safely conclude:—

1. That there was originally no difference between the Hebrew genealogies and those of the Greek version.

2. That the computation of Josephus was conformable to both in his time; and, consequently,

3. That either the Hebrew copies, or the Greek copies, both of the Septuagint and Josephus, have been adulterated since his time.

That the adulteration took place in the Hebrew copies rather than in the Greek is most highly probable, for several reasons:—

1. The Hebrew copies were equally obnoxious to adulteration as the Greek.

2. But the Hebrew copies afforded, subsequently to the Jewish war, greater facilities and opportunities of adulteration than the Greek. The latter were then diffused everywhere; whereas, of the former many had been lost and destroyed, and the existing copies were found only in the hands of comparatively few Jews.

3. The temptation to adulteration was much greater in the Hebrew than in the Greek. The Jews, in their rage and vexation at being confounded by the CHRISTIANS out of their own Scriptures, were led, as a last and desperate resort, to deny that they found such things in their Hebrew copies, and to make alterations accordingly. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and other of the earliest of the Christian fathers, distinctly accuse the Jews of this.

4. The motive which would lead them to tamper with the genealogies, in order to shorten the times between the Creation and the Birth of CHRIST, was, that they might enable themselves to deny that the time for the advent of the Messiah was yet come. It had been their belief that Messiah was to come in the sixth millenary age of the world, which he did, according to the longer computation; hence the motive to shorten it to make out the time was not arrived, as this, their own tradition, had been much used against them by the Christians. Ephrem Syrus, who died A.D. 378, distinctly alleges that they corrupted the genealogies on this account. The Armenian annalist, Abulfaragi, has a longer statement to the same effect.

The defalcations of the Hebrew genealogies may be proved by the concessions of the early Jewish writers.

This defalcation may also be proved by undeniable internal evidence, found both in the antediluvian and postdiluvian genealogies*.

The patriarchal generations, both before and after the Deluge, according to the shorter Hebrew computation, are repugnant to the course of nature. Their sons are born too soon in proportion to the sum of their age. According to this account, the antediluvians, who lived so much longer, had children sooner than the people after the Deluge, down to Abraham, the sum of whose lives was so comparatively short.

The shorter Hebrew calculation is also absurd, and inconsistent with history, sacred and profane. Eusebius saw this very clearly, as we have stated.

Taking the shorter computation, idolatry must have begun and prevailed, and the patriarchal government must have been overthrown by Nimrod and the builders of Babel, during the life-time of Noah, the second founder of the human race, and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

If Shem lived till the 110th year of Isaac, and the 50th year of Jacob, as this computation alleges, why was he not included in the covenant of circumcision made with Abraham and his family? or why is he utterly unnoticed in their history?

How could the earth be so populous in Abraham's days, or the kingdoms of Assyria, Egypt, &c., be established so soon after the Deluge, as results from the shorter computation?

The following dates may be usefully subjoined to this statement:—

	Shorter Compt.	Longer Compt.
Creation	4004 B.C.	5411 B.C.
Deluge	2348	3155
Exode of the Israelites	1491	1648
Jerusalem destroyed by } Nebuchadnezzar }	588	586

The present mode of computing events from the Birth of Christ is said to have been first practised by a Roman monk, named Dionysius, about the beginning of the sixth century. Though the Christian era, as a means of reckoning time, was early adopted in Italy, it was long before it came into general use throughout Europe. It is supposed that Dionysius made a mistake of four years in calculating the period of the birth of Christ; and that, therefore, the present year, 1840, should be 1844. But, adding 1840 to 5411, we have 7251 years as the age of the present dispensation of the world; and on the supposition that the calculation is anything like correct, the period has passed when, according to some Jewish and Christian expectants, the Millennium, or Sabbath of the world, was to begin, which, it was supposed, would commence when the world had fulfilled its six secular days of a thousand years each.

* Dr. Hales's arguments in support of this are very convincing; but they run too much into detail to allow even their substance merely to be stated with effect.

STEAM ON THE PROPONTIS AND HELLESPONT.

No one, unless they have seen it, can duly appreciate the bustle and confusion attendant on the departure of a steamer from the Golden Horn. In the Thames, at Liverpool, or even at Malta, there is some order observable amid all the uproar; but at Constantinople there is not the slightest vestige of such a thing to be seen. The most methodical and regular men, unless accustomed to travel, are always in a bustle at landing or embarking, and it cannot be expected that the half-civilised natives of Stamboul should show a superiority on this point. From the first streak of sunrise till the hour the steamer sails, on the day of her departure, her sides are crowded with *caïques* of all sizes, each occupant striving to get his own person and luggage on board, perfectly unmindful of any one else, and omitting to notice that by waiting in regular order he would obtain his point sooner;—but no, the *caïquji* bawls out *bannabac* (literally, "look at me," but signifying "take care"), and seeing a vacant space of probably three inches between two *caïques*, each striving to push the other aside, with dextrous under-water movements of the oar he dashes the iron-bound prow of his boat quickly between them, and driving them both from the disputed point, takes possession, and leaves them both to seek the next opportunity of approaching the side-ladder. It has often surprised me that these *caïques* never upset when coming thus in violent collision, for they look very *cogly*, but the reverse is the case: and I never knew an instance, during several hundred times that I was alongside a steamer in the Golden Horn, of one upsetting; the passengers for the most part sitting in the bottom, and the height of the sides accounting for their general buoyancy.

One day last summer, business called me to Smyrna; so, engaging my passage at the proper office, I packed up my bed and carpet bag, and sent my *ichotuk* (servant boy) for a *chamal* (porter) to carry them down to the *baluk bazaar* (fish-market), which is the general place of embarkation at Galata. On arriving at the quay, my *chamal* was instantly assailed by twenty persons, each calling upon him to deposit the luggage in his *caïque*. I stood back at some distance to watch the scene. It was evident from my English carpet bag that I was a Frank; and the boatmen, probably imagining that I was one of the *milord* travellers, were more than usually clamorous for the patronage of my porter: and really it must have been hard for him to resist the sweet words pouring from all sides, and doubtless he must have been proud to hear the Mussulman boatmen shouting to him *Effendim gel borda* (my dear sir, come here), and the Christian ones, *Sen Christian, ben Christian, Christian baraber gel borda* (you are a Christian, I am a Christian, Christians should be together, come here). However, it was no use; my *chamal* kept possession of the baggage until I made my appearance; the cry was now *Captan, Captan, gel borda*, and I was surrounded by nearly a dozen boatmen, who were however more polite than those on the Thames, because, as soon as I selected my boat, they refrained from disputing my choice.

The luggage being safely stowed, so that the passenger and it properly trimmed the boat—a point on which the *caïquji* is remarkably particular, my Mussulman bent to his oars, and pulled for the *Vapore*, which is the name by which they best know a steamer, although it is the Italian word, the Turkish being *Tchek-jeemee*. As we pulled across the Golden Horn, I was asked the usual number of idle questions, in regard to what country I came from, where I was going, and what was my employment;—all of which I professed not to understand, except the first: as I knew that in the event of a row at the side of the steamer among the *caïqujis*, being known to be an Englishman was useful, I told him that I was one; he said, "English are good men, you are a good man;" to which I replied I was. He rejoined, the Padisha and the *Sultana Ingles* were *baraber*, intimating that the Sultan and the Queen of England were friends. Chatting in this manner, we reached the side of the steamer. At the moment we touched the outside range, my boatman showed himself a man of genius: he lay for a moment quietly on his oars, and watched the shoving off of a large *caïque* that had just put on board the steamer a Turkish Bey's wife (princess) and attendants—the point of his prow was inserted in the crowd of little *caïques* around him, and in another minute we gained the ladder, while all the other *caïques* were thrown off to the distance of several feet. At the moment, I could not discover how this dextrous manœuvre was managed, until I saw the *caïques* laying hold of ours on every side, to prevent their being further distanced; and now I observed that my *caïquji* had seen the steamer swing, and consequently, instead of pulling up against the stream, among the boats, had pulled to the

head of them, and closely dropped in stern first, as the steamer swung a little more from them. Now there was nothing but uproar and confusion; and I several times thought that, what with the holding on of some *caïques*, and the running up against us of others, we would have been upset, or pulled under water. The boatmen continued to vociferate against the unfairness of being shoved out, while mine, on his part, dubbed me an English Captain, and seemed quite contented to rest all his defence on that one point, as he never ceased calling out *Bu Capitan Ingles*, until my baggage and self were safely on board the steamer: I then threw a little more than his regular fee in the bottom of the boat, and he pulled towards the shore.

On getting on board, I found all in equal bustle, and every one doing his best to increase it. The pious Mussulman was anathematising the Christians as infidels, and the Christian was engaged much after the same manner, but both taking care to be as little personal (but general) in remarks as possible. There were talkers loud and low, in jest and in anger, in at least twelve or fourteen languages, the one half of those addressed not knowing a word of what was said to them, but answering in an equally unknown tongue.

The hour advertised for sailing was 4 P.M.; and the nearer it approached, the confusion became greater. When four struck, a large bell was rung, and all who did not intend to proceed with the steamer were ordered to quit her. The empty *caïques* that had been hovering about then approached, and took off friends and acquaintances, considerably clearing the deck, but crowding the water around the steamer. A second bell was soon after sounded, and the chain cable began to clank on the windlass, but passengers and luggage continued to arrive, and friends to depart: many still remained in the vessel, however, that were known did not intend to go with her, and the most importunate of these were *dragomans* or *voulets*, who by remaining thus to the last moment might ensure a few piastres to execute some forgotten commission. The despatch-boat came alongside about half-past 4; the bell was rung for the third time; signals were made for no more boats to come off; those around the steamer were ordered to look out for themselves; the ladder was hauled up, the gangway shut, a few more turns given to the windlass; the Captain called out, A turn a-head—stop her—half speed—full speed; the foam curled from both sides; and we stemmed the current setting in from the Euxine.

At this moment, it was discovered that we had three or four *dragomans*, &c. on board, who had remained to the last, and had been too late: the captain at once refused to hail a boat or put them on shore, telling them they ought to have looked better after themselves. As the steamer held out from the Seraglio Point, the captain called to ease her, then to stop her, and a *caïque* was seen rapidly pulling from the Custom-house quay. I asked the steward why the captain stopped for this *caïque*, and would not do so for some much nearer; and he told me that it had in it a government *Tatar*, whom, according to arrangements, they were always obliged to wait for, if once in sight. The boat was well manned, and came sweeping towards us at good speed; it was not long, therefore, before the *Tatar* was standing on the deck, in his red, rich, and flowing robes; and the *caïque* that brought him consented to take the *dragomans* ashore, on condition that they would pay a *backshish* (present), about twelve times the amount of the ordinary fare, and which they were glad to do.

Once more the engine was in motion, and our vessel moved quickly along the eastern and south-eastern walls of "The City of the Faithful." The Seven Towers were passed in half an hour, and ere six o'clock, Asia and Europe, Stamboul, Tophana, and Scutari, seemed blended in one mass, and soon after disappeared from our view.

After we had fairly left the Golden Horn, I had time to observe the appearance of the craft in which I was embarked. It seemed to have two engines, each of seventy-horse power, and capable of going seven and a half miles an hour. The quarter-deck was raised a few feet above the main-deck, and was ascended by steps in the centre; both sides of it were littered with Turkish mats and coverlids. On the larboard-side were located the Turkish Bey's wife and attendants, thus:—On the deck were laid down several thick quilted cotton mattresses, plentifully covered over with others of a thinner and more pliable form. On one of them sat the Sultana, surrounded by her female attendants; while towards the one end were four eunuchs, whose time seemed to be engaged in attending to the women and children,—bringing the first coffee, and fire for their pipes, and dandling and amusing the latter. The Sultana was an immensely fat-looking personage; her body entirely enveloped in a dark-green cloth cloak, and her face

and head, with the exception of the eyes,—or rather eye, for she had but one,—covered up in the usual white rouslin shawl. The attendants were of various ages, colours, and appearances, but all dressed in the same way. There was one, however, who next to the Sultana claimed attention,—a little girl of about thirteen, who, I subsequently learned, was her daughter, and whom she was taking to Asia Minor, to marry her to some young Turk. The children were three in number,—boys of about three, five, and seven years. They were, like all Turkish children, remarkably beautiful, and dressed in the usual fantastic and tasteful costume of Osmanlee juveniles, having little red caps, with a shawl tied round their brows, and their bonnets enriched with a variety of gold Turkish coins.

The starboard-side of the quarter-deck was occupied, like the larboard, with mats and coverlids; on one of which reposed a female, evidently the mistress of four slaves who sat around her. She was the wife of an old, grey-headed, and bearded *Effendi*, who had a black eunuch attending, and occasionally carrying messages from his master to his mistress. The old gentleman, however, seemed to care no more for the slaves than if they had been so many dogs; and certainly did not entertain them, during the whole voyage, by once personally entering into conversation with them. He held in his hand a bag of *paras* (the fortieth part of a piastre, and equal to the sixteenth part of a penny), in which small coin he paid for everything he had. The money was all newly struck; but why he carried these small pieces, so difficult to count, I could not learn; but whatever demands were made upon his purse by the wants of himself or his female household, he accompanied the payment of them with a growl and an exclamation of *Tchok para!* (Too much money), while slowly counting out the sum demanded.

From the quarter-deck, and all around the waist of the vessel, I found little temporary erections raised on the centre, and along the bulwarks, for screening the passengers from the hot sun or the cold dew; they were in the tent-bed style, and the floor raised a couple of inches or so above the deck, for the purpose of allowing the rain or sea-water to run under, and the awning might be about three feet high. In these little pulpits or beds sat Mussulmans male and female, cross-legged upon mats, some of them smoking their pipes, others eating, not a few reclining in sleep, and some on their knees, engaged at their prayers. Few Christians, if any, occupied part of these divisions. It was not the least amusing part of this scene, to see these men all armed to the teeth, having a couple of pistols stuck in a belt, and a sword at their side, or the pistols stuck into a shawl round their middle, with a great *yatagan*, or Persian knife, about thirty inches long, garnishing their girdle. On proceeding to the fore part of the vessel, I found that it had no covering; and the parties occupying it were mostly Greeks of the lower class, with a few poor-looking French, Italians, and Germans, every one doing his best to find a suitable place for his mat for the night, and which made it almost impossible to pilot oneself along, without trampling on some unfortunate Christian.

On descending to the second-cabin, I found it fitted up much in the same way as our own channel steamers. There were bed berths all around, a table in the centre, and lamps hung from above. The passengers consisted of Greeks and Italians of the middle class; three of the former and two of the latter were sitting at one end of the table, drinking punch, while two or three more lay extended on the seats, or were groaning in the berths. The only two females I observed were a pretty black-eyed little *Panariote* and her mother, who was taking her down to Smyrna for her education, and a brother of hers, going there for the same purpose. It was the first time any of the family had been in a steamer, and though not two hours from port, they were evidently much discomposed; the boy whom I had met before, asked me if I did not think it *cattiva*; and on my replying that it was *bellissima*, the girl looked at me with an eye of the most intense anxiety, until her brother told her that I said it was beautiful, and that we could not expect less motion before we were at our port. She at once groaned out some Greek prayer, and was assisted into her berth or couch. I next betook myself to the engine-room, where I was roughly collared by two Italians, who said that no Mussulman was allowed to descend the ladder. I scolded them in bad Italian, and worse Turkish, for not knowing that I was a Frank, although dressed in Oriental costume; and was then allowed to descend, where I found the first engineer (English) and the second (German) sitting down to a very sensible-looking repast. The first I had known for some months; he introduced me to "his second," and invited me to partake. I had tasted nothing since breakfast, and besides had not seen such good English-looking cheer for some time—so required no second bidding. The Englishman

knew no German, the German no English; nevertheless they were good friends, and understood one another by a sort of conventional language, partly made by themselves, partly from the varied jargon which they heard every day; and though not *lingua franca*, was a species of it. Dinner was soon despatched; and I had just finished when a message came from the captain, whose steward had been seeking me all over the vessel, that dinner was ready in the cabin. This I thought something like what seamen call "a *Portugee devil*,—when good, too good;" but I knew, whether or not I did much execution, it was necessary to attend; so bidding good-bye to my friends the engineers, I made for my second dinner-table.

On my appearance in the cabin, I found dinner already begun. I sat down; but having already eaten so heartily, made but a poor figure, though I certainly never saw in any steamer a better dinner than was now served, and in variety of cookery, far surpassing what is met with in Western Europe. The cookery was Italian; and the dessert composed of every delicate fruit of the Levant. There was on the table a caraf with brandy, hollandaise, and rum, and another with Smyrnian and Tenedos wine. The first caraf was not touched, and the second very sparingly used. The company consisted of an Austrian Italian, the first dragoman of the English Ambassador to the Porte, two young Greeks, one old Armenian in the Turkish dress, a Frenchman, and myself. The conversation was for the most part in French, a language which we all understood, except the Armenian; and he sat looking anxiously from one face to another, endeavouring, apparently, to pick up, from the expression of the countenance, what he could not do from that of the tongue; and from his account of the conversation to me afterwards, he appeared to have been pretty successful on several points.

After dinner we again proceeded to the deck, the cabin being most insufferably hot. The sun had set, and there was only a red-streaked sky and a blackish-looking sea to be seen. Marmora was not yet visible, and we had lost sight of the Thracian coast. The quarter-deck was now quite still; the princess, her daughter, and her slaves, were all sound asleep in one mass; some of them extended at full length, others with their knees doubled up to their chins, and others, again, sitting cross-legged, with their heads and shoulders leaning against the bulwarks. The eunuchs were asleep at the extremity of the group, and the children covered up somewhere among the women. The old Turk, on the other side of the quarter-deck, was also asleep; at a little distance from him lay his *blackey*, and a few feet further his female household. The main-deck was equally quiet; a few only were smoking, all the others reposing, or seeming to do so. The fore-deck was more noisy; here there was less outward covering from the evening dew, and those who were thus exposed had apparently fortified themselves inwardly, as not a few were drunk, noisy, and quarrelsome. I accordingly retreated to the cabin, where all was quiet, with the exception of some snores from my companions of the dinner table—even the captain was not to be seen. The cabin felt too hot, and I again proceeded on deck, and endeavoured to find a place on which to spread my mat, but in vain; and I unwillingly left the nice cool deck, and again descended to the warm cabin, where I tumbled into my couch, and sleep having been invited by the fatigues of the day, I was soon in the land of Nod.

How long I enjoyed unbroken slumber I know not; it appeared to me only a few minutes, when I was awakened by an unusual bustle and running to and fro upon deck, and, popping my head and foot over the bed, I found three or four more in the same act. On inquiring what was the occasion of the noise, we were told that the Turkish fleet was in sight, and those passengers who intended to join it must get prepared. The sun had not long risen, and I could just distinguish the tall and stately masts of the Mahmoudie; but as the fog cleared away, I recognised other thirteen sail, being the Capudan Pasha's division. This part of the fleet had sailed only two days before us, and we had at least a hundred passengers for it. All was now animation; Mussulmans and Christians were either at their devotions, or packing their beds and travelling gear. The Tatar had risen from his mat, and was looking towards the termination of his charge; the dragoman was complimenting our captain, while the latter was speculating upon the destination of the fleet, and the chances of seeing his friend again with his head on his shoulders. As we approached the fleet, the vessels began to get under weigh, and before we were amongst them they had all their canvas set, and were slowly dropping down the Dardanelles. About an hour and a half after we had first descried the first ship, we were in the midst of them. A boat with the crescent floating in her stern, and pulled by eight rowers, approached. It was steered

by an Englishman, who commanded one of the sultan's steamers; he hailed our skipper in English, and asked for the English dragoman, who, with the Armenian, the Tatar, and two others, embarked, and pulled towards the Mahmoudie. Other two or three large boats now made their appearance, and received their appointments of more plebeian messengers, soldiers, and sailors. The steam was again put on, and we soon left the pasha's division of the fleet behind. In about half an hour after we passed these ships, we came in sight of the other division, under the Capudan Bey, lying at anchor, but apparently ready for setting sail as soon as they saw the flag-ship, whose guns were now heard distinctly, although her form could not be seen. The fleet consisted in all of eight line-of-battle ships, ten large frigates, fourteen smaller craft, and two steamers; and looked much more warlike and ship-shape than it had done the previous year.

At eight, breakfast was served in the cabin, to the captain, Frenchman, and myself; all the others of the dinner table had gone. The Turks on deck had breakfast after their own way—men, as well as women, being provided with sundry baskets of good things—and ate where they had slept the night before; and although in many cases different parties sat near one another, there was no interchange of civilities. Men and women alike finished the repast with a cup of coffee and a pipe.

On the fore-deck, the Greeks, &c. were more jovial, and were not wanting in sausages, ham, fish, caviar, cheese, bread, rakee, and wine, which were in many cases freely shared from one to another.

As the morning warmed, the wind began to freshen, and the greater part of the passengers were sick, displaying all the variety of groaning and gesturing which the inhabitants of so many different countries may be supposed capable of, and certainly a Cruikshank would have found more comicalities in that forenoon than he had ever met with in any one previous day.

With sunrise in the morning we were leaving the Propontis; passengers were landed, and others taken on board at Galipoli, the village of the Dardanelles, Abydos, and Sestos, with as much indifference as is done in the Thames. Lemnos, Tenedos, and the supposed site of the battle-ground of the Trojan heroes, were rapidly passed; no one seemed to know anything of their ancient history, and knowing nothing, could not be supposed to take any interest in it. There was ancient Greece, but where were the ancient Greeks?

Nothing out of the usual course of steam-boat voyages occurred during the day. We took a Greek ecclesiastic, of some rank or another, a little inferior to a bishop, on board at Abydos. He was instantly assailed for blessings, which he bestowed most liberally on all around him; and among others, I got one unsolicited. I told him I was a protestant, and did not attach any virtue to his blessing. He asked me to sit down beside him, and said he would soon make "a good Greek of me." I sat down, and he pulled out a quart bottle, and handed it to me. I asked him what it was? he replied *Rakee*. I declined, however, to take any of it, as I had no glass; but he put the bottle between his lips, and took a long swig, and I knew enough of oriental etiquette to understand that I could not now refuse; so I put the mouth of the bottle between my teeth, and followed his example. It was the strongest rakee I ever tasted, and when he saw the water standing in my eyes, he seemed pleased, and assured me that it was real Tenedos. The work of conversion now commenced; but he spoke so fast, and with so much gesture, that I understood very little of what he said; and on every clinching argument he always handed me the rakee, which I made a feint of tasting; and after the debate had continued an hour, he was so conglomerated with his potations, and so wrapt up in his discourse, that I was allowed to slip off. The argument, at least on one side, was carried on as long as the priest could talk; but at last his tongue failed him, and he sunk down on his mat, with his empty rakee bottle in his arms, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until we arrived at Smyrna.

Towards evening the island of Scio was in sight, and by midnight we were nearing the Gulf of Smyrna. The quarter-deck was clear of mats on the starboard side, and I laid mine down upon it. The breeze blew still fresher than during the day, and a heavy swell made the steamer roll very much. The Turkish princess, to whom I had spoken several times during the voyage, sat upon her couch, and called to me, "*Captain Ingles, gel borda—gel borda.*" I went to her; she was in great fear that the vessel would go down, and asked me what was to be done. I told her that in a few minutes the rolling would cease; and she wondered much how I knew. As soon as the steamer doubled a point of land, the fore-jib was hoisted; after which she lay comparatively quiet. The lady

then told me I was a good man, and several times afterwards, when I met her in the streets of Smyrna, she thanked me for quieting the vessel; as she verily believed that I had been the cause of its ceasing to roll. I now lay down for a comfortable nap, but at two o'clock was awakened by the captain, who told me that he never allowed Christians, who were cabin passengers, to lie in the open air; he insisted that I should go below to my berth, as he assured me that the night-air in the Gulf was very bad for strangers. I was therefore obliged to descend to my hot quarters; and when I awoke at six in the morning, we were quietly anchored in the harbour of Smyrna, and the greater part of the passengers already ashore.

NEW ZEALAND.

We have on several occasions adverted to our various Australian colonies, with the exception of the new settlement of Port Essington, (which is as yet but an experiment of the advantage likely to be derived from the occupation of ports on the northern shores of the vast island-continent of New Holland,) but we have hitherto left the islands known by the name of New Zealand unnoticed. Their importance, especially as a probable field for colonisation by English emigrants, is so great, and the exertions recently made by the New Zealand Land Company are likely to produce such results, as to excite a great degree of interest concerning them.

This interest may be, and probably is, very great in a purely political point of view, but our regards are chiefly thrown upon those points which more strongly and immediately affect the social relations. The eye of the emigrant now begins to be turned towards the shores of New Zealand, and it is to him that the facts we shall detail, and the observations we shall offer, are more especially addressed.

Emigration is too often looked upon as a panacea for all the troubles which beset poor mortals in the "old countries." No excise, no taxes, no national debt, no poor rates—true, and no rates for police, light, sewers, or pavements. What a weight already taken from our shoulders! Every man, too, shall be a landholder, and shall laugh at the bugbear of a landlord. But farmer-craft, like all other crafts, is not to be learned in a day. The man who all his life has been conversant only with pavements, is not, although he may have read Arthur Young from end to end, qualified for an agriculturist. Nor will he who has passed his youth in refined society, be easily contented with neighbours whose manners are coarse and homely, and yet are disinclined to render him homage;—nay, who may justly consider themselves his superiors—who think the best use that can be made of his wife's upright piano is to convert it into a convenient cupboard, and that his Long-Acre carriage can be only used as a comfortable hen-house. The mechanic, again, who barely knows oats from barley, or an oak from an ash, when he sees them growing in the field,—whose life has been passed among brick walls,—is scarcely fitted to hew the timbers which are to constitute the future town, where, after all, he will find it very difficult for "two of a trade to agree." Without going the round of all professions, suffice it to remark, before going further, that any man who has it in his power to live in England should think at least twice before he leaves his country. Once in a new colony, and we shall be able "to do at least," is the universal cry, and the universal interpretation, at least to self, is, "we shall do very well;" but too frequently the total change of the mode of life, the difficulty of accommodating old habits to new situations, and the disappointment of full-blown schemes of speedy aggrandizement, lead to discontent, and that too frequently to worse evils; till, at last, the settler finds out that, if the same hardships had been submitted to, and the same exertion and providence necessary to get on at all in a new settlement, had been called into play in the old world, he would have been enabled to live, if not more plentifully,

more in accordance to his taste there, than in his adopted land, from whence there is seldom a return.

It is far from our desire to discourage emigrants. There are vast numbers who are well fitted for the task which falls to the share of those pioneers of civilisation, but all who would unthinkingly leave their native land we would discourage, and would, by a plain, unvarnished account of what lies before them, give them the means of "well considering the end." With this intention, we purpose to give as perfect an account of the present condition of New Zealand, and of the future prospects of emigrants to that country, as may be sufficient to inform all who have turned their thoughts to that remote land, to form their opinions upon statements unbiassed by any interest, save that of the universal interest of our fellow-creatures.

New Zealand was discovered in 1642 by the celebrated Dutch navigator Tasman; but the intercourse which he attempted with the natives terminated in so disastrous a manner, as to obtain the title of the Bay of Murderers for its scene; and his report of their behaviour gave them, at this outset of communication with Europeans, that bad name, which continued to abide by them until the fearless enterprise of our South-Sea whalers disclosed their real character. A century elapsed after Tasman's visit before a European vessel again touched at New Zealand, when Captain Cook, then making his first voyage in the Endeavour, visited it in 1769. On his first visit he was unable to open a friendly communication with the natives, and, on one occasion, a fatal fray occurred, in which four of the savages lost their lives. The cause of such hostile demonstrations has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but it appeared to have reference to the supposed massacre of the crew of an English vessel, which had, it was believed, visited the islands a few years before Cook. If this were the case, it is easy to understand that the arrival of any other vessel belonging to the same nation must have been viewed by the natives with great suspicion. Cook visited the islands on several subsequent occasions, and was well received. The good understanding between them was in one instance interrupted by an attack on a party belonging to the Adventure, Cook's consort; but this was ascertained to have arisen from a quarrel occasioned by the attempt of one of the sailors to cheat one of the natives out of the property he had brought to barter. In all the various collisions which have taken place between the natives and foreigners, and they have been frequent, it has been found, when the causes have been investigated, that they originated in aggressions made, or offence given, by the visitors, sometimes in ignorance of the construction put upon their conduct, but more frequently in wanton disregard of the feelings of men who were despised, because they were unacquainted with the arts and sciences of Europe; forgetting, or wilfully shutting their eyes to the fact, that the men they insulted were rational beings, possessing their own ideas of right and wrong, and acting up to those ideas with perhaps a more scrupulous fidelity than those who claimed superiority over them.

Two years after Cook's first visit, two French vessels, commanded by M. Marion de Fresne, visited New Zealand, where he was received with the greatest cordiality; a most friendly intercourse sprung up between the natives and their visitors, the former visiting the ships at their pleasure, and the latter rambling about the country without suspicion, and everywhere meeting with the most hospitable reception. Marion was created a chief, and all was upon velvet, when suddenly, after the vessels had been a full month upon the coast, a great change was perceived in the conduct of the natives; they ceased to visit the ships, with the exception of one young man who had conceived a particular friendship for one of the officers; his dejected demeanour made it evident that something evil was in contemplation; but he gave no hint of its nature. Disregarding these indications, Marion, some days after this marked change, went ashore with a party of sixteen men, including four superior officers, for the purpose of having a day's fishing. Night arrived, and they did not return, but this circumstance created no uneasiness on board, it being supposed that they had gone to the house of Tacouri, a friendly chief. In the morning a boat was sent ashore for wood and water, and after having been absent about four hours, the ship's company was surprised at seeing one of their comrades swimming towards them from the shore. He had a fearful tale to narrate. The boat's crew had been received with the usual demonstrations of regard, had commenced collecting wood, and soon became separated from each other, when they were suddenly each assailed by six or eight savages, and butchered. There could now be no doubt as to the fate of their commander, and the sixteen officers and seamen who had gone ashore on the previous day. A party of sixty

wood-cutters were still on shore, who were rescued from their perilous situation by the intrepid conduct of Crozet, the second in command, who went ashore with a sufficient number of well-armed followers, and brought off the wood-cutters and their tools in triumph, drawing a line on the beach, and threatening to shoot the first man who should pass that boundary. The moment the last man had embarked, the natives, who had seated themselves on the beach, ran with wild cries and hurled a flight of javelins and a shower of stones at the French, and set fire to the huts they had erected for the sick. The French poured in a volley of musketry, which did great execution, and enabled them to make good their retreat. They afterwards revenged themselves by burning several of the native houses and destroying their inhabitants, and in the deserted huts they found pieces of human flesh, some of them cooked and marked by the teeth of the savages, too sure proofs of the melancholy fate of their companions. The cause of this massacre was considered inexplicable. "They treated us," says Crozet, "with every show of friendship for thirty-three days, in the intention of eating us on the thirty-fourth:" and thus the New Zealanders were universally accounted a race of treacherous barbarians and cannibals, unworthy of trust or friendship, and rather to be treated as wild beasts than men. But the account of the origin of this affair, given by one who had been engaged in it to Mr. Earle*, who visited and resided in the country in 1827, is very different, and although varying in some of the particulars from the French account, (which is not unnatural in a narrative of events of so distant a date, given from memory,) serves to show that the catastrophe was brought on by the obstinacy of the French, in persisting to offend the natives in a point connected with their most venerated institution.

Mr. Earle tells us that his friend George, a chief residing at the Bay of Islands, "recollected perfectly the French navigator Marion, and made one of the party that murdered him and his people. His observation was, 'They were all brave men, but they were all killed and eaten!'

"He assured us that the catastrophe was quite unpremeditated. Marion's entire ignorance of the customs of the New Zealanders occasioned that distressing event: as I have before observed, that strangers, not acquainted with their religious prejudices, are likely to commit some fatal error; and no action is more likely to lead a party into danger than an incautious use of the seine; for most of the beaches (best suited for that purpose) are tabooed†. This led to the dreadful fate of Marion and his party. I understood, from George, that when Marion's men assembled to trail their net on the sacred beach, the natives used every kind of intreaty and remonstrance to induce them to forbear; but either from ignorance or obstinacy, they persisted in their intentions, and drew their net to land.

"The natives, greatly incensed by this act of impiety, vowed revenge; and the suspicions of the French not being roused, an opportunity soon presented itself of taking ample retaliation. The seine being very heavy, the French required the assistance of the natives in drawing it on shore. These wily fellows instantly consented to the task, and placed themselves alternately between each Frenchman, apparently to equalize the work. Consequently, in the act of pulling, each native had a white man before him; and on an appointed signal, the brains of each European were knocked out by a tremendous blow of the stone hatchet.

"Captain Marion, who, from his ship, was an eye-witness of their horrid murders, instantly hastened on shore with the remainder of his crew to avenge the slaughter of his countrymen. Led on more by ardour than prudence, he suffered himself to be surrounded, was overpowered by numbers, defeated, and every one was put to death."

The catastrophe of the ship *Boyd*, whose crew were to a man massacred (a woman, two children, and a boy, alone being spared),

* Earle's Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand in 1827.

† The ceremony of the taboo is common in most of the Islands of the South Sea. Its exact nature does not appear to be precisely understood, but it is considered as a religious ceremony, which renders the object sacred. Thus when a New Zealander has planted his ground, he procures it to be tabooed by the proper official, who does not appear to bear the character of a priest or holy man, and it is then death to trample over or disturb any part of this consecrated ground. Again, when a New Zealander sells any portion of his land, the contract is completed by tabooing (or *tapuing*, as the word is sometimes written) it "to the purchaser," as it has been expressed by those who have given evidence on this subject before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to receive evidence relative to New Zealand; by which it is rendered sacred against all except the purchaser; religious ceremonies being thus called in to give greater solemnity to civil contracts.

which occurred in 1809, renewed all the apprehensions entertained of the savage character of the New Zealanders, and for a time put a stop to the exertions of the missionaries who were preparing to take steps for the establishment of a colony. But this, as in the case of Marion, has been traced to the conduct of the visitors, and making allowance for the manners of a warlike, high-spirited, but uncivilized people, we may exonerate them from blame in this transaction.

Captain Thompson, the master of the *Boyd*, brought with him a native chief, named Philip, whom he took on board at Sydney. He insisted that this man, who in his own country possessed rank and consequence, and who deserved to be treated at least with courtesy, should perform the most menial offices on board the vessel, and, on his refusal, tied him up and flogged him like a common sailor. When he reached his native shore, can we wonder that the exasperated and outraged chief should urge his friends to take a terrible revenge? "George," says Mr. Earle, "laid the blame entirely on the English, and spoke with great bitterness of the ill treatment of Philip. He described, and mimicked his cleaning shoes and knives; his being flogged when he refused to do this degrading work; and finally, his speech to his countrymen when he came on shore, soliciting their assistance in capturing the vessel, and revenging his ill treatment. Over and over again our friend George, having worked up his passion by a full recollection of the subject, went through the whole tragedy. The scene thus portrayed was interesting, although horrible. No actor, trained in the strictest rules of his art, could compete with George's vehemence of action. The flexibility of his features enabled him to vary the expression of each passion; and he represented hatred, anger, horror, and the imploring of mercy so ably, that, in short, one would have imagined he had spent his whole life in practising the art of imitation."

The colonisation of New Zealand may be dated from the establishment of a settlement by the Church Missionary Society in 1814. When it was found that the natives not only permitted these settlers to live in perfect security, but even treated them kindly, the dread of the natives began to subside, and other emigrants quickly followed. The South Sea whalers, who are never to be deterred by fancied fears, were among the first to open up the resources of New Zealand. They found that such excellent harbours as surround the coasts were very convenient for obtaining supplies of wood and water, and, after pigs had been introduced by the settlers, of provisions. They found that New Zealand flax made excellent whale-lines, and were not slow in discovering the natural bent of the natives to a seafaring life; and at this moment many of them are serving on board our vessels, some in offices of trust; and did the regulation of our marine permit it, English vessels might be navigated by New Zealand commanders.

The rapid increase of European intercourse with New Zealand led to the formation of a Company for its colonisation as early as 1825, who purchased land, and obtained a promise of a charter of incorporation; "but it unfortunately happened that this agent, mistaking a war dance, which was got up in compliment to him, for one intended as the prelude to his destruction, was so affrighted that he made the best of his way from the country. The abandonment of the enterprise by their agent, and the unusually depressed state of the money market, in the year 1826, discouraged the company from prosecuting their design, upon which they had expended £20,000."

The want of any sufficient authority to control the European part of the population has hitherto been a great check upon the exertions of honest settlers, while the incursions of runaway sailors and escaped convicts from Sydney have been facilitated and almost encouraged. The country has been inundated by a torrent of desperadoes, who, though justly held in contempt by the natives, still do incalculable mischief. Such a state of affairs has made it a difficult task for the missionaries so to conduct themselves as to avoid the appearance of encouraging the excesses of their countrymen; and from this cause they may have been led to perhaps the extreme of caution in their intercourse with Europeans. Their situation at length became so difficult, and the want of a sufficient power to control the settlers became so evident, that the governor of Sydney, in concurrence with the Home Government, appointed a consul "accredited to the missionaries at the Bay of Islands." This, to say the least of it, was placing the missionaries in a false position, for they were not the representatives of any government, nor were they possessed of any authority. It was one

† See Mr. Enderby's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee.
§ Walton's Twelve Months' Residence in New Zealand.

of those half measures which must always be inefficacious. The consul has done what he could, but, being completely crippled from the want of proper support, his exertions have been of little avail.

Mr. Walton, a gentleman who spent twelve months in New Zealand, has published a pamphlet comprising in a very small space a mass of useful information regarding that country; and from his work we transcribe the following particulars respecting the formation of the New Zealand Land Company—a body whose proceedings are now looked upon with much interest, and who, although as yet but a private association, will, in all probability, be very shortly armed with that legal authority, without which their efforts must be comparatively useless:—

"After various discouragements and difficulties, which had well nigh extinguished every hope for the regeneration of New Zealand, the cause again lifted up its head, and on the 2nd of May, 1839, the New Zealand Land Company, comprehending all the preceding societies, was introduced to the public through the unwearied exertions of Mr. Wakefield. The names of the directors of this company, at the head of which stands that of Earl Durham, are a sufficient guarantee for the honour and rectitude of their proceedings. Shares to the amount of 100,000*l.* have been subscribed for, and the sum of 100,000*l.* was paid within five weeks for as many acres of land within a township, the locality of which is not yet fixed upon. Two vessels have been sent to New Zealand; one with the company's principal agent, Col. Wakefield; the other with the surveyor-general, Lieut. Smith, and a surveying force of thirty individuals. A large body of emigrants from England and Scotland are preparing to sail in the course of the present month, October [last], and along with them everything is to be embarked that can in any way contribute to the advancement of the great design, the preparations for which include a church, an infant school, accessible to the children of the natives, as well as to those of the colonists, a public library, a dispensary, a bank, together with a large amount of capital, invested in machinery, mills, steam-engines, agricultural implements, the frame-work of houses, and property of various kinds. With the first colony there will go out more than 160 cabin passengers, and 3,500 persons of the working classes, all conveyed free of expense, by means of the purchase-money of the land. Five large vessels, upwards of 500 tons each, are nearly ready to sail; others will follow in regular succession, and the whole will rendezvous at Port Hardy, in D'Urville island, Cook's Straits, it is expected, by about the end of January."

In a future number we shall pursue this subject, glancing at the geographical position of this fine country, its natural productions, the present state of agriculture, and other particulars useful or interesting to the emigrant.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The following very interesting information concerning the singular people called Yezidis, who inhabit the Sinjâr Hills in Kurdistan, is extracted from a paper by Frederick Forbes, Esq., M.A., of the Bombay Medical Staff, published in the last Number of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society; one of the most useful, and even entertaining, periodicals of the day. Although many are deterred by the title, and imagine that little but dry detail can be contained in the pages of such a Journal, yet accounts of many important journeys are there to be found, given with a freshness which is sometimes wanting when the traveller sits down "to write a book."

"There seems to be no doubt that the Yezidis derive their origin and name from Yezid, the son of Mo'âwiyah, the destroyer of the race of Ali; although it is said by some that they are descended from a saint or holy man, named Yezid, who lived about the same time. I have been unable to discover the meaning or derivation of the word Dâsînî or Duwâsîn, generally used as a common name for all classes of Yezidis. Besides those of Sinjâr, or the Sinjârlis, there are great numbers of them in Kurdistan and near Mûsul, especially in the districts of Jûlâmerk, 'Amâdiyah, Jezirah Ibn Omar, and Zâkhô; a good many are also found in the north-east parts of the pâshâlik of Diyar Bekr. Those who inhabit 'Amâdiyah are considered as the most noble, and are called Sheikh-Khânli: their chief is guardian of the tomb of Sheikh 'Adî. The Sinjârlis have always been the most powerful tribe, and it is probable that they originally dwelt in Babylonia and Assyria; but being held in detestation by the Persians, on account of the destruction of the house of 'Ali by Yezid, and also detested by the Arabs as worshippers of the devil, they were driven into the strong and isolated hills of Sinjâr, and the rugged mountains and defiles of Kurdistan.

"The religion of the Yezidis, according to their own account, is a strange mixture of worship of the devil with the doctrine of the Magians, Mohammedans, and Christians; but among the inhabitants of Sinjâr, religion, or religious ceremonies of any kind, appear to be merely nominal, and never practised, at least as far as I could see or learn. As reading or writing is quite unknown among them, and in a manner prohibited, their religion is only preserved by tradition, which varies among the different tribes, and affords very incorrect notions as to their creed. Their greatest saint and patron is Sheikh 'Adî, who is supposed to have flourished about 500 years ago, and who is said to have written a sacred book, called 'Aswad,' or 'The Black,' containing their laws and precepts; but as none of their divines can read, and as the book has never been seen by any one, it is probable that they have invented this lie for the honour of their religion; since one cause of the great contempt in which they are held by Mohammedans is their want of any written law. The first and most important principles of the Yezidis are, to propitiate the devil and secure his favour, and to support and defend themselves by the sword. They reject prayers and fasts, as Sheikh Yezid has obtained indulgences for them all, even to the end of the world; of which they were positively assured by Sheikh 'Adî. They consider the devil as the chief agent in executing the will of God, and reverence Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, as well as the saints and prophets held in veneration by Christians and Mussulmans; believing that all these were more or less perfect incarnations of Satan. They adore the sun, as symbolical of Jesus Christ. They believe that there is an intermediate state of the soul after death, more or less happy according to the actions of the deceased during life; and that they will enter heaven at the last day with arms in their hands. They acknowledge as their head, and as the mediator in their quarrels, the guardian of the tomb of Sheikh 'Adî, in the territory of the chief of 'Amâdiyah. This sheikh must be of the race of Yezid: he receives a portion of all their plunder, and has, as an assessor or adviser, another called Sheikh Kuchuk—i. e. the Little Sheikh,

BYRON'S LAST WORDS.

BY ANDREW PARK.

ON a far distant shore, where no loved one was nigh,
To weep o'er his woes, or to kindly condole,
Lay he who had blazed like a comet on high,
And brighten'd an empire with beams of his soul!
How hopeless, how cheerless, creeps life's ebbing tide,
When sadly bereft of its kindred tear;
And how wildly was bursting that bosom of pride,
When he cried—"My child, Ada, O would you were here!"

He had parted, half frantic, with friendship and home,
Despair and disdain stung his sensitive breast,
And he long'd like a rudderless vessel to roam,
Which spurning the land, lets the wind do the rest.
Yet 'midst all this apathy bound round his heart,
There still lived a blossom he clung to sincere,
And louder he cried, ere his soul did depart,
"My sorrows were less if my Ada were here!"

He died—and the Grecian bent low to the earth,
A nation of strangers thus honour'd his name,
And put a full pause to their commerce and mirth,
With hearts overawed by his greatness and fame!
Yet ere the sad soul left its prison of clay;
Ere the silver strings broke, and the last throb was o'er,
Again he exclaim'd, in a voice of dismay,
"My Ada—alas! shall I see thee no more?"

who is said to receive the direct revelations of the devil, and, on payment of a sum of money, delivers his oracular counsel to those who consult him, after a pretended sleep, with sometimes a delay of two or three nights: he is held in great estimation, and his orders are strictly followed.

"The Yezidis who inhabit Kurdistan and the country to the east of the Tigris practise various religious observances, of which the following are the most common:—On the tenth day of the moon, in the month of August, they hold a meeting at the tomb of Sheikh 'Adi, which lasts a day and a night, and at which all the married women and men assemble. Near Ba'ashekkah, which contains seventy houses of Yezidis, forty of Mohammedans, and thirty of Christians, is a fountain where they offer sacrifices of sheep and goats, and hold festivals four times a year in honour of the devil. At the village of Sheikh 'Adi is the figure of a peacock in brass, called 'Melik Taus,' (King Peacock,) which is venerated as the emblem or representative of David and Solomon, to whom they offer sacrifices, and of whom there are images near the Melik Taus. The Sinjarlis are not circumcised, but the Yezidis of Kurdistan are said to practise circumcision on the eighth day after birth. The children are baptised when six or seven years old, but no prayers are used on that occasion. They have no fixed time or place for prayer or worship; they occasionally visit the Christian churches and monasteries, and present offerings there on account of recovery from sickness, or escape from danger; they also kiss the superior's hand.

"The teachers, or sheikhs, have great influence, and pretend to insure the admission of a soul into heaven, by a number of ridiculous ceremonies performed over the corpse. It is first placed on its feet; they then touch the neck and shoulders, and, with their palm stretched out, strike the right palm of the dead body, saying at the same time, 'Arâ behesht,'—i. e. Away to Paradise! The sheikhs also pretend to cure the sick by imposition of hands. It is considered a great thing to obtain for a winding-sheet one of the old shirts or dresses of the guardian of 'Adi's tomb. This, they believe, insures them a good place in the other world. They give large sums of money for these shirts, or even pieces of them; and the sheikh sometimes presents one to a particular friend, as the greatest favour he can bestow. The spiritual directors are much respected by all classes of the people, who, when they meet them, kiss their right hand. They are distinguished, for the most part, by wearing a white turban and a black woollen cloak. The families of the holy men only intermarry with each other.

"The Yezidis have, like all other barbarous tribes, many superstitious observances, some of which are peculiar to themselves. From the reverence paid to the evil spirit, they do not use, in naming him, any of the common epithets, as these are all, more or less, expressive of horror, contempt, or abomination; nor will they suffer them to be used in their presence. This is particularly the case with regard to the word *Sheitan*, and all other words resembling it in sound; as *Shatt*, a river. Instead of using the word *Sheitan*, they designate the devil as *Sheikh Ma'azen*—i. e. the Exalted Doctor, or Chief; and in place of *Shatt*, they use the common Kurdish word *Avé* (Ab), or the Arabic *Ma*, signifying water. Speaking of the Euphrates, they term it *Avé Ma'azen*, or *Ma al Kebir*—i. e. the Great Water, or simply *El Forat*; *Ma'azen* being a corruption of the Arabic *Mo'azzem*. As the word *La'net* is often applied by Mohammedans to the devil—a common expression of the Persian, on meeting a Yezidi, being '*La'net bih Sheitan*,' or '*Curses on the devil*'—the Yezidis never use any word which consists of the same letters—as *Na'l* (a horse-shoe), or *Na'l'end* (a farrier). It is considered by them a great insult to spit in their presence, or to spit into the fire. They use nearly the same oaths as the Turks, Christians, and Jews indiscriminately; but that which to them is most binding is to swear by the standard of Yezid. They used formerly to dress in blue, but it is now considered an unlucky colour, and white only is worn.

"The domestic manners of the Yezidis, and their customs in general, are very simple. Both men and women are of middle size, and have a clear complexion, with regular features and black eyes and hair; their limbs being spare, muscular, and well proportioned. The hair is worn long, and the beard and whiskers kept close shorn; but they are prohibited from cutting or dressing

their mustachios. The dress of the men consists of a long white cotton gown and cotton drawers, a leathern girdle, a camel's-hair skull-cap, with a piece of black or checked cotton tied round it, and sandals of raw hide. The women wear a long white cotton gown, with very long wide sleeves, which are thrown back over the shoulders, and tied round the waist: over this is put a strange-looking garment of black woollen, or sometimes of parti-coloured stuff. This covers the back part of the chest, and descends in two long narrow stripes or tails nearly to the ground; two narrow bands also come from behind forwards, and are fastened round the waist like a girdle. A quantity of white cotton cloth is rolled round the head in the shape of a pointed hood, and tied under the chin. The women do not, like the Mohammedans, conceal their faces, but go about their household concerns, and mix with the men as in European countries. This, however, is commonly done throughout Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, except in large cities. The houses of the Sinjarlis are generally low, with flat roofs, around the edges of which is piled, in the form of a parapet, their stock of firewood, withered leaves, and branches for heating their ovens. Their houses are very clean and comfortable, but awkwardly built of rough stone and mortar, neatly whitewashed on the inside; and the flat clay roofs are supported by pillars made of fig-trees. The walls of the apartments are full of small recesses like pigeon-holes, of every variety of shape, which are used for storing various small articles, and are at the same time ornamental. The floors are well made of stiff clay, with one or more basin-shaped cavities in them, to be used as hearths. The houses are generally very large, and are what may be called double; they often contain the whole family, from the great-grandfather down to the youngest descendant, with all their wives and children.

"The chief articles of food used by all classes of the people are barley-bread, onions, and figs, or grapes, either fresh or dried, according to the season: wheat bread is very rarely seen. The bread is slightly leavened, and baked in ovens shaped like large earthen jars, which are heated by burning in them a quantity of fig-leaves and twigs, dried grass, or any other combustible. Their cakes are slightly wetted on one side, and stuck against the inner surface of the oven till sufficiently toasted. A very good and palatable broth is made of shelled wheat, a small kind of pulse called '*Adis*,' and the seeds of the sour pomegranate. Wheat, coarsely bruised, is boiled with butter and spices, and eaten in the same manner as rice: this dish is called '*Burghûl*,' and is very common throughout Asia Minor and Kurdistan. Dried figs, stewed with '*Rôghan*,' or clarified butter, and onions, is a very favourite dish; it is also made with oil or sheep's fat. Several kinds of inspissated syrup are made from grapes and figs, and eaten along with bread. This syrup, as well as that made from the date, is called '*Dibs*,' and with it a tough sweetmeat is made by adding barley-flour, and boiling it up; it is then rolled out quite thin. It is called '*Zinj al faras*,' or '*Jild al faras*,'—i. e. horse's hide, which it very much resembles in appearance. Animal food is very little used, owing to the scarcity of it: a camel is killed now and then in a village by one of the inhabitants in his turn, and distributed among the rest. Acorns* are eaten by those who live in the western end of the hills, but only in times of scarcity. Like Jews and Mohammedans, they do not eat pork; but they freely eat the blood of sheep, goats, cows, and other animals. Of vegetables they appear to have none but the pumpkin, which they eat stewed with meat. They are passionately fond of tobacco, to obtain which they will part with anything. No kind of wine or spirituous liquor is drunk by them; their only beverage, besides pure water, being pomegranate sherbet, and a sweet drink made by infusing dried figs in boiling water. The men and women eat separately, the latter always in private. The character of the Yezidis is rather superior to that of their neighbours of Mesopotamia. They are brave, hospitable, and sober, faithful to their promise, and much attached to their native soil; but at the same time cruel and vindictive, considering their proper means of support to be robbery and theft; and they treat with great ferocity any unfortunate Mohammedans who fall into their power, especially Persians. They differ from the surrounding tribes in not being polygamists; they take only one wife, and generally marry at the age of sixteen or seventeen. All the different tribes of Kurdistan and Sinjar intermarry with each other."

* Lentils, *Ervum lens*.

† Probably the sweet acorns of the *Quercus balota*, so called by the Spaniards, from the Arabic word *Ballût*, an acorn.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

JUST as this Number is passing into the hands of our readers, the UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE comes into operation. Hail the boon, kind reader, and, above all, make use, and a good use, of the great privilege. The remotest dwellers in the British isles may communicate with one another, and with us, for a penny! There will, at first, be difficulties, and obstacles, and complaints:—some people will not take the trouble to understand what they should do, in sending their letters; some postmen may be impatient or impertinent, and, in the hurry of their proceedings, throw letters over counters, or shove them under doors, so that they will run chances of being trampled on, or even lost; and a great cry will sound out for a time about the great loss to the revenue! As to the minor difficulties, they will soon be obviated, if people will take a little trouble, and if the authorities of the Post Office are honestly vigilant, and determined to check instances of carelessness or impertinence. Some postmen may imagine, that because they do not receive money for letters, that therefore letters are not of so much value or consequence now! This idea must be knocked on the head; and if the Post-Office authorities are resolute, the complaints on the score of carelessness in delivering letters will not be numerous.

As to the deficiency in the revenue, never mind that! The government of this country is now acting on the principle, that the Post Office—that “great engine” of civilisation—is no longer to be a source of revenue, but the creature and servant of the poorest person in the country who can handle a pen. An unjustly-used privilege has now been abolished, namely, the privilege of “franking,” by which those who could not obtain the favour of a frank were obliged to help to pay for the letters of those who could. The letters of all parties now enter the Post Office on the same footing: the Mail flies now literally for all. This, then, is an advance in our social condition; and laughable as some people may think it to be, that the letters of a schoolboy, a boarding-school miss, or an apple-woman (if she can write), are as important in the Post Office as the letters of a busy and bustling M. P.—it is “great, glorious, and free!”

“Let those now write who never wrote before!”

The following letter from a lady correspondent may, we think, fairly claim “place and precedence” in our “Letter-Box” for this week:—

“TO THE EDITOR.

“Sir,—I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take in writing to you, for it is on a matter of some importance to me; and as you have kindly offered to give advice in your Letter-Box, I shall be very much obliged by receiving the opinion of one whom I regard as an intelligent gentleman.

“My story is this. My parents, who are now, I trust, in another and a better world, had a very excellent business in the shop-way, in a provincial town; and though there was a large family of us, we were in very comfortable circumstances. Our family was an affectionate one; and I, being the youngest, was as much petted by my brothers and sisters as I was by my parents. I not only received an excellent education for my rank in life, but I was never suffered to touch any household work; and being fond of reading, was foolishly looked upon as a little family genius, because I could scribble some rhymes and chatter indifferent French.

“Well, father and mother died within a short period of each other, and that was a sad time for us all. My elder brother took the shop, and acted as a parent, but gradually the family began to disperse; and when my brother married, I imagined (without any real reason, for my sister-in-law is a very good creature) that I was in the way at home. I married at the age of nineteen; and my husband, who is three years older than myself, commenced business with 200*l.* of his own, and 150*l.* which my brother paid me, under father’s will. But things went against us; we had a bad failure; and my husband, who did not like to remain in our native town, brought us all up to

London. I have now five children, and am yet but a young woman. We have been struggling, ever since we came here, to try and better ourselves; but what can we do? My husband was a long time out of a situation; the one he has now is a very uncertain one, and only brings us in twenty-five shillings a week; and what is that to feed and clothe seven of us, not to speak of education at present, for I am trying to give my children the elements of education myself?

“My husband says he sees no chance of our being better, but rather worse in London, and our family will soon be growing up about us, without our being able to provide for them as our feelings and taste incline us. He wishes to emigrate, but does not know where to go. In truth, we have not a penny one week over another, and never keep out of being in debt, especially to the baker. My husband applied to the commissioners for South Australia, and was kindly advised by Mr. Rowland Hill, who offered to get us out free, and also said he would try to get my husband appointed teacher to the children of the other passengers, and that he might thus earn 20*l.* on the voyage. But still we are afraid to go, for we ask ourselves what we are to do after we get there. My husband is not a farmer, nor a grazier, nor a mechanic; we have no capital to commence any kind of business; and I would not like to run the chance of seeing him degraded into a common labourer, for which, indeed, his bodily strength would not fit him. What would you advise us to do? We are pinched and disheartened in London, but might we not be starved in South Australia?

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

ISABELLA W.”

We have been so much interested in the statement of our correspondent, that we have entered into a supposable calculation of the manner in which she lays out her “twenty-five shillings a week,” in order to see how she and her family contrive to live. We rely on the assistance of a grave matron, not unused to enter “the huts where poor men lie,” and we think the following tolerably near the truth:—

	Per Week.
Seven persons, five of them children, will eat per day a quarter and a half of bread, or say for bread per week	7 6
Flour for puddings	1 0
Butcher meat, very sparingly used	3 0
Potatoes	1 6
Tea, sugar, butter, and milk	3 0
Coals and candles, average	2 6
Beer, one pint for supper, 2 <i>d.</i> —not only indispensable, according to London usage, but needful to the mother, if she has a young infant	1 2
Soap, and other little matters	1 6
Room-rent	5 0
	£1 5 2

Here is the man’s wages consumed in barely living; what the family do for CLOTHES, and how they provide for SICKNESS, is rather beyond our comprehension. We presume that the husband is a shopman, or something of that sort: he must, therefore, be decently clothed; while the mother, with the claims on her time and attention with a young family, cannot for a moment be considered as having any power to add to the family income. We can, therefore, well believe her when she says, that they are “pinched and disheartened in London.” But we shrink from saying whether or not they would run a risk of being “starved in South Australia.” The matter of emigration is as much a personal matter as is the matter of a man’s belief; not only must the individual decide for himself, but take the responsibility and the consequences on himself. Even if we knew the parties personally and intimately, it would be a difficult thing to advise them. Our correspondent’s husband appears to belong to a class, who, however desirable it would be for them to emigrate, if they could do so with advantage, yet run the greatest risks in emigration. By emigrating, they pass from all the multiplied and subdivided conveniences and accommodations of such a city as London, to a rude and rough state of things, where hardness, activity, and the adroit employment of head, hands, and feet, are essential to success. If the individual, however sober, steady, and willing, has yet been used only to serve over a shop counter, and instead of being of an active, pliable, “turn-about” spirit, is rather of a quiet, passive disposition, we should dread the results of his removal, unless he fell into good hands, who could direct and employ him.

One of the advantages expected to result from the working out of the princi-

ples on which the colony of South Australia has been, or is supposed to be, founded, was, that it would speedily produce a state of society similar to that in the parent country; and that, therefore, all classes, not only "farmers, graziers, and mechanics," but clerks, shopmen, &c. might find a place for their services, and places for themselves. But we fear this result can only be arrived at very slowly. Mr. Mann, in his "Australian Provinces," mentions that at Adelaide he entered into conversation with a woman "who had been employed in London as a sempstress; that her husband (who was a boot-closer) had gone out to try to get some work as a day-labourer, which, she said, he did not understand; and exclaimed, with a sigh, that London folk had no business there."

We should say, that Sydney would be a far better place than Adelaide for our correspondent and her husband, if they should make up their minds to emigrate. Personal and individual instances of success or failure prove little, unless they could be shown to be applicable to the cases under consideration: still, we cannot resist mentioning, that it has lately come to our personal knowledge, that a young man, who was sent out about three or four years ago by Mr. Tegg, the bookseller, to Sydney, is now doing extremely well. He was sent out *free*, on condition (besides receiving good wages) of remaining a year in the employment, or else forfeiting 20*l.*, as a return for the passage money. He fulfilled his year, got another engagement, with higher wages, has saved money, bought a share in a coasting vessel, and is altogether getting on remarkably well. Sydney is not a first-rate place to emigrate to, either as to situation or morals: but people who wish to "strive and thrive" must not be too fastidious.

W. B. Brixton, makes inquiry respecting what he terms "the New Chronology," adopted in the "Pictorial History of Palestine." The same chronology has been adopted in the little work on "Egypt," recently published by Mr. Smith; it is adopted from Dr. William Hales's "New Analysis of Chronology, in which an attempt is made to explain the History and Antiquities of the Primitive Nations of the World, and the Prophecies relating to them." We refer W. to a short article in the present Number, entitled "The Age of the World," in which we have endeavoured briefly to show on what grounds the "new chronology" rests. We can assure W. that we also read the "Pictorial History of Palestine," and that if we are to judge what the character of the entire work will be, from the portion already published, we do most conscientiously think, that for extensive research, thoughtful consideration, and original view, it will be one of the most valuable works in the English language, on its particular though comprehensive subject.

INQUIRER informs us, that, "reading something or other, (I forget what,) a considerable time ago, I met with the term 'Sybarite;' and though, in the sense in which it was used, I distinctly understood it to mean an effeminate and luxurious person, I was yet anxious to know the origin of it. Walker's Dictionary was the only means of reference I had at hand, and I there found the following:—'Sybarite, an inhabitant of Sybaris, a once-powerful city of Calabria, whose inhabitants were proverbially effeminate and luxurious: one of whom is said to have been unable to sleep all night, because the bed of roses on which he lay had one of its leaves doubled under him.' The matter was revived in my mind lately, by finding that Sybaris formed one of the cities of Magna Græcia. It struck me at the moment that it was as absurd to call Greek colonies Magna Græcia as it would be to call Australia, Magna Britannia: but I shall be obliged by receiving information and an opinion from you."

If Australia should ever be covered by a numerous population descended from British settlers, and its surface spotted over with flourishing cities, the time may arrive when, by contrast with the "tight little island," it may be fitly termed Magna Britannia, or Great Britain, and the term "Little Britain," instead of being confined to a small portion of London, may be applied to the British isles. But the United States presents a far more appropriate parallel. If that great country should continue for a long period to grow as it has done, then, indeed, our children's children may see a vast Magna Britannia. The term "Magna Græcia" was very fitly applied to the Greek colonies in Italy: for though the extent of country to which the term was applicable is not exactly known, it is certain that it contained many cities far exceeding in

population those in the parent country, Greece. Sybaris was one of those cities, and the head of a state, or republic, which must have been very flourishing to have given origin to the exaggerated accounts of its opulence and luxuriousness. Vapour baths, for instance, are said to have been invented by the Sybarites; and the citizens are reported to have taken such good care of themselves, that when they retired from the town to their country villas, the road was covered by an awning! Sybaris was completely destroyed, about 500 B.C., in a war with the inhabitants of Croton, the name of another of the cities of Magna Græcia.

A. D. inquires about the authorship of Gil Blas. He says—"The title-page of recent editions of Gil Blas printed in Spain usually runs thus:—'*Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana, robadas á España, y, adoptadas en Francia por M. Lesage; restituídas á su patria y á su lengua nativa, por un Español zeloso que no sufre su burlen de su nacion;*' which, in English, may be thus rendered:—'*Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, stolen from Spain, and claimed as his own in France, by M. Lesage; now restored to the country and tongue wherein it was originally written, by a Spaniard zealous of the honour of his native country.*'

"Query 9.—Who is the real author of Gil Blas, or what grounds are there for the above assertion of the work being Spanish, and not the production of Lesage?"

There are two distinct charges against Lesage.

1. Voltaire asserted that Gil Blas was entirely translated from the Spanish of Vincent Espinel, "Memoirs of the Life of Don Marc de Obregon." It is admitted that Lesage has borrowed a few passages from the book, but nothing more; the structure of the story, the incidents, the characters, the diction, every thing worth having, is Lesage's own.

2. Father Isla, a Jesuit, published at Madrid, in 1805, a work which he called "Gil Blas Restored to his Country, by a Spaniard," which is a translation of Lesage's Gil Blas into Spanish, and is probably the work inquired about by our correspondent. Isla says that Gil Blas was written in Spanish in 1635, by a Spaniard; that the Spanish government prohibited the printing of the work, and seized the MS.; that the author, however, contrived to make a copy of the work, and fled with it to France; that this copy fell into the hands of Lesage, and that he translated it, extending the incidents a little, and so forth; and that the MS. is still in the Escorial. If so, and the Spaniards are so anxious to have the honour of the work, why don't they publish it?

Both charges cannot be true.

Lesage seems to have become acquainted with Spanish literature early in life. His first appearance before the Parisian public was as a translator, or rather imitator of Spanish plays. His "Diable Boiteux," which appeared in 1707, is confessedly founded on "El Diabolo Cojuelo" of Guevara; but in this case, as in the other, every thing worth claiming seems to be the work of the Frenchman. Gil Blas was first published in 1715, eight years after the Devil on Two Sticks, in 2 vols., and the 3rd vol. was not published till 1724.

Milton, Shakespeare, Molière, and Lesage, were all of them given to stealing—in fact, unblushing thieves; but they stole *lead*, and turned it into gold.

Socius informs us, "I am one of a committee about to establish an institution at Lambeth, to be called the 'Mutual Instruction Society.' It is our intention to have a meeting for discussion on one evening in the week, and for delivering a lecture on another evening, for which we have solicited and obtained promises of assistance from several gentlemen of talent, and have thus nearly filled up our first quarter's syllabus. I feel convinced that it would not be trespassing to request the suggestion of a few topics for discussion, such as, in your opinion, may most conduce to the acquisition of useful knowledge."

"We desire to accomplish our plan of mutual instruction, with more of an inquiring, and less of a controversial spirit than usually characterises debating societies, and any hints you may throw out on the subject will be duly appreciated. I would be glad to receive suggestions from any of your readers who would interest themselves in the subject."

We will very willingly take up the subject which Socius suggests to us, if we are aided by others. We would be obliged by members of mutual instruction societies and debating clubs taking the trouble to inform us of their existence, on what plan they conduct their proceedings, what objects they have in view, and what benefits they think they derive from their associations.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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